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THE PAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. KAY SEE.

When, through my window, shadows deep
And silver moonlight gently creep,
And trace quaint network on the floor,
Is it a dream, as oft before
My truant thoughts I've given wings
To take me back to vanished things—

To childhood, boyhood, manhood's age,
When first upon life's spotless page
I wrote my name with ardent hand
In letters bright, and took my stand
A man, to win myself a name
And scale the dizzy heights of fame?

Ah, youth, sweet youth! how dearly bought
The pleasures thy memories taught.
How short thy dream! A Summer day,
Gliding without a thought away—
A vision fair, with scenes of light,
Fading into old age's night;

A cloud lit by the setting sun;
A burst of light ere day is done;
A leaf touched by the Winter's frost,
Brilliant to-day, to-morrow lost.
Mayhap more like the mountain snow,
Which in the sun's effulgent glow

Gleams bright, and beautiful, and pure,
But melts away, so slow, but sure;
Till all is gone, and barren rock,
Like age, is left as if to mock
The beauty once its bosom bore—
Now gone, alas! forevermore.

Though like a dream, a cloud, a day,
A leaf, the snow has passed away;
Memory, like scent of fragrant flowers,
Recalls the past in after hours,
That we may read from off its page
The lessons it would teach old age.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Winter being full of care
Makes Summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.—SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Summer is a delicious time, when you, like the trees, the birds, the very atmosphere, are filled with happiness. Summer, when life is young, the blood healthy and the heart free from care, is as near a heavenly season as anything earthly can be. But when the soul is filled with a never-to-be-gratified longing, aching with a dull, dead despair, heavy with remorse or unsatisfied love, the bright sun, the sweet-smelling, joyous flowers, the musically-rustling trees are an aggravation of your misery, and the general gladness around serves only to contrast with and deepen the darkness of your own misery.

So it was with Chudleigh Chichester. Young, handsome, possessed of a noble name and noble aims, he still, perhaps, was the most unhappy man in Grassmere. The time of grace granted to Sir Fielding was gradually drawing to a close, and Chudleigh, with all his perseverance and honest striving to ward off the calamity, could see nothing but ruin before them; for he imagined Maurice Durant too poor to lend the money. Then, besides this, his heart was torn with the pangs of unrequited, or, rather, unsatisfied love. His idol, his queen—Carlotta—had destroyed his hope in the gallery of the Hall that Spring night, and left him to watch with untold, unimaginable agony the course of events, which, like a running stream, bore Lord Crownbrilliants down to the prize which his heart thirsted and panted for.

Yes, try as he might to tear the image of the beautiful, worldly woman from his soul; strive as he might to shut it from his eyes by flinging over it the epithets "worldly, heartless, mercenary," like black veils, it would not be torn forth nor hidden, and day by day, hour by hour, as he went about the estate, wandered o'er the moor, and hovered round the Rectory, which in its dreary desolation had something congenial, he could not but confess that he loved her still.

Maud, who unconsciously from experience knew what he was suffering, pitied him with her whole heart, hung about him when he was in the house, and accompanied him in his walks as often as he would let her, and strove to reveal to him by word, look and touch the vast depths of her sisterly love.

Had it not been for the gentle, true-hearted girl, perhaps the young man would have given way beneath his trouble. But her small white hand was always stroking his, her tender, rosebud lips always pressing his forehead, and her sweet, gentle voice always whispering comfort in his darkest hours; and, supported by her alone, he played the man. Being ignorant of the true state of the case, Maud pitied both Carlotta and her brother, and lavished her great love on both, thus adding a fresh pang to the agony the strange beauty was already enduring.

Lord Crownbrilliants was still at the inn, the negotiations for the Retreat, as it was called, having, through some lawyer's reason, been delayed. His servants had increased in number, and his equipages filled every available coach-house. Every day he visited The Folly, Hall and Cottage, and accepted all the invitations to the two former. Occasionally he ran up to town and back, or paid a visit of a few days to some of the county families; but ever returned to his post and—Carlotta.

Of course Lady Mildred did not long remain in ignorance as to which way the wind was blowing, and, with all a lady's love for matchmaking, she encouraged his lordship's suit, and helped it on in every way she could. Whether Carlotta was grateful for this help she could not discover; indeed, generally Carlotta was an unread book, a perfect mystery to her. But Lady Mildred was quite satisfied with loving her, and rather liked being mystified.

The Gregsons, like sensible people, refused to cry over spilt milk, and set about filling The Folly with eligible young men, with or without titles; and succeeded, owing to their acquaintance with the Hall and the Cottage, so that they could afford to look on and watch his lordship's fishing while they angled themselves.

One night, about three weeks after Lord Crownbrilliants had arrived at the inn, Maud was sitting by the open window in the picture gallery, watching the moon as it crept up behind the tall elms in the park, and thinking, with saddened eyes, of the strange events which had brought so much disquietude and unhappiness to the Hall; and as she pondered, in the form of a dreamy reverie, over her brother's disappointment and Carlotta's strange choice which caused it, her thoughts wandered to a theme always ready to creep into her mind, and she recalled the night of the storm, when the dark figure of Maurice Durant had appeared in the room, and, recalling it with every other scene in which he had afterwards figured, she was conscious of a wistful, almost painful longing to see the grand, sorrow-marked face, to hear the noble, kingly-toned voice again.

"There is the organ on which he played," she murmured; "here is the spot where he stood; there he leant when overcome by the sudden faintness. Yes, I can scarce persuade myself that it is not a trick of the fancy—that he has even been here at all, and that his noble presence was anything more than the vision in a dream!"

She rose, with a sigh, and glided to the organ.

"Where is he now?" she murmured. "Thousands of miles away, perhaps—lying in the scorching sun away in some wild forest, surrounded by innumerable dangers—wild beasts!—perhaps dead! Oh, no, no!" she added quickly, covering her eyes and shuddering. "Not dead! I should know it if he were. I feel it. Not dead. May Heaven keep him wherever he is!" she breathed, a rosy flush flashing across her face, and leaving it paler than before. She had but uttered aloud the prayer she breathed for him in silence each night.

The organ-board was open, and she let her hands wander over it, pressing the dumb keys, recalling the wondrous melody she had heard Maurice Durant call forth.

"How wonderful a being he is!" she murmured. "How he towers above all men I have ever seen, not only in beauty of form, but in grandeur of bearing! My father said he was the greatest musician he had ever heard, and Chudleigh thinks that he holds everything in the grasp of his white, strong hands and massive brow. How sweet his smile—he smiled on me twice when I saw him last. Twice! Ah! I felt like a poor, drooping, withered flower drawn upwards to the sky by the bright beams of the sun. Twice! How great the comfort those smiles have brought! Yet, yet, some sorrow too; for were they not the smiles of a king for his weakest, meanest of subjects, the smiles of a master for his dog, the smiles of a father for his last and feeblest child! Ah! even yet it is sweet to think he smiled when he might as easily and as reasonably have frowned. They say his voice is stern and hard. It seemed soft and gentle as the falling of a rivulet to me. Stern —yes, to those who merit it; hard ——" and she shuddered. "If he spoke harshly to me, I should die! Once his hand touched mine. I remember it was in the hall—and I felt the blood leap and thrill to meet his fingers. I grew dizzy, faint with delight; my eyes turned to meet his, and ah! what is the feeling that fills my soul when I think only of his name, that gives me such exquisite pleasure and pain at his touch? Is it wicked? Oh, no, no! I feel it is not; for I would die for him, give my life for nothing more than a smile or a friendly clasp of his hand."

And, overcome by her love—though she knew it not as love—she dropped her head on her heaving bosom and wept silently. Suddenly the deep bay of a dog startled her, and, rising hastily, she sprang to the window, for she had recognized Tigris' bark. Hurriedly undoing a small piece of glass in the stained window, she leant out, and, peering through the moon-mist, saw lights glimmering through the trees in the direction of the Rectory. Her heart leapt in her bosom.

"He has returned!" she breathed. "He has returned safe—is in the wood now. Ah! what is that?"

For, looking down, she had caught sight of something dark moving across the small patch of green between the park and the denser wood.

"It is he! It is he!" she murmured, quivering like an aspen-leaf, her eyes lit up with a sublime love. "Here, within reach of my voice! Shall I call? No, no, I cannot. Shall I call the dog? No, no. Ah! dark, mysterious being, if you knew how my poor little heart beat at the sight only of your shadow! What is that?" she breathed, as at that moment, chiming in harmoniously with the musical wail of her voice, there broke upon the air a soft flood of the sublime melody she had heard ringing through the gallery from the old organ.

She recognized it in an instant, and her face flushed like a rose-leaf, while her hand pressed against her heart to still its tumultuous throbbings, and one thought filled her with a delirious delight.

"Is he playing to me—to me?"

But before the melody had died away on the bosom of the night-air, she had answered the question with a sad "No, no! he is but playing for himself."

Then, long after it had ceased, she remained at the casement motionless, her sweet, innocent face pressed against the leaden framework, listening thirstily and watching eagerly. But neither the music nor the shadow brought her joy again that night, and after an hour's watching and listening she stole to her chamber, almost convinced that the whole was but a dream.

On the morrow, however, Chudleigh greeted her entrance in the breakfast-room with the announcement of Maurice Durant's return.

"When or how he came back no one knows," he said. "Last night the under-keeper saw a light flitting to and fro in the Rectory windows, and, thinking it meant thieves, stole along the hedge to reconnoitre. At the gate the big dog, Tigris, flew like a panther upon him, and, so he says, nearly killed him. As it was, Maurice Durant must just have come up in time, dashing through a hedge, and calling the dog off with a single word."

"Is Barber much hurt?" asked Maud in a low voice.

"Well, not for him, though I fancy it would have been enough to kill another man. Maurice Durant took him down to the stream, he says, washed his bites, and gave him a handful of gold, with a stern caution not to approach the Rectory grounds again. Barber was quite satisfied, and, in telling me of the affair, seemed indeed rather delighted. His arm is bound up in linen wrappings, but he says he doesn't feel any pain, and has no doubt that it will be all right in a day or two."

"Had not Doctor Wilson better see him?" said Maud, still keeping her face averted.

"I don't think there is any occasion," replied Chudleigh. "It seems that Maurice Durant left him by the bank while he fetched some ointment of some sort from the house. This he put on Barber's arm, giving him relief at once."

Maud said nothing, and Chudleigh, as he opened the letters, continued:

"He—Maurice Durant, I mean—is the most singular being I ever read or heard of. The power he seemed to possess over that dog was something extraordinary. After Maurice Durant had bathed the wound he said something, and the dog at once commenced to fawn on the man and lick his arm."

"Barber has the cold cottage at the corner of the wood; has he not?" asked Maud in a low voice.

"Yes," said Chudleigh. "Why do you ask, Maud?"

"I—I was going to see him and ask if he was hurt," she replied, flushing.

"You can do that without going to the Cottage," said Chudleigh, rising with his toast in his hand. "He's at the back here somewhere. There he is," he said, as a tall, fine-looking young fellow, with his arm in a sling, walked across by the hedge.

He touched his hat respectfully as Chudleigh threw up the window and called to him, and walked up to the terrace.

"Come up the steps, Barber; I want you," said Chudleigh; and the next minute the man stood in the room.

"How is your arm now?" said Chudleigh kindly.

"All right, sir, thank you," said the man, glancing round uneasily at the handsome room.

"Are you in any pain?" asked Maud gently.

The man turned to her reverentially.

"Not much, miss, thank you. I never heard of a bite as give less trouble."

"How do you account for its being so easy?" asked Chudleigh.

"The ointment it was as put it right, sir," he replied. "I never seed such a queer-looking stuff afore; it were in a silver box and as green as grass. The gentleman—his honor the parson, I mean, miss—weren't sparin' with it—nor with his money nayther."

Maud's eyes sought the table.

"Tell me how it all occurred," she said, as gently as before.

And the man, nothing loth, went through the story, winding up with:

"You see, miss, it weren't altogether my fault. I'd no notion that there were anyone livin' in the Rectory, and, seein' the light, I made sartin sure that it were thieves. There's been a suspicious-looking character a-dawdlin' about the village for nigh upon a week, and I thought o' him directly I saw the light."

"A suspicious character, eh? What's that?" said Sir Fielding, entering the room at that moment, and stopping to kiss Maud on his way to his chair.

Whereupon the story had to be repeated again, this time by Chudleigh in a concise form.

"Maurice Durant back!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, in a tone that was half of pleasure, half of regret. "Heaven bless me! You must have that arm seen to, Barber, immediately."

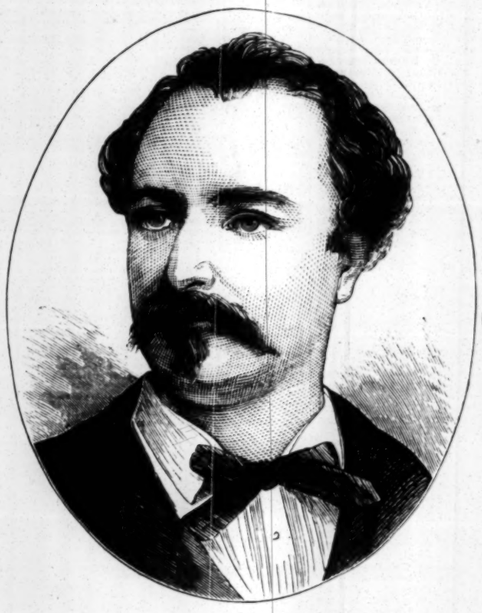
"Thank you, my lord," replied the man, who never could be brought to understand that Sir Fielding was not a peer.

"And what's this about suspicious characters too—eh?"

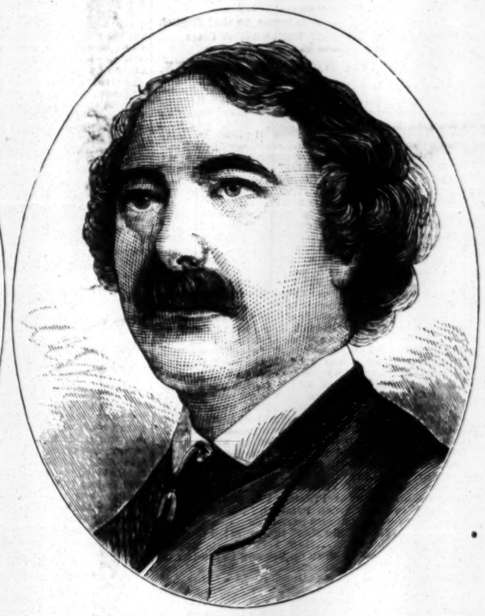
"I was just saying that there's a suspicious-looking man a-dawdling about, my lord. He is most allers to e found sitting at the 'Chequers Tap.'"

"That doesn't make him suspicious—eh, Barber?" said Sir Fielding, with a low chuckle. "If so, there's scarcely one of you but would come under that head."

"No, it aint that altogether," said Barber. "It's the look on 'im, my lord. He's from Lunnon—one of them rough-looking persons, short hair, with a blue neckcloth, Lunnon heavy boots and a broken nose; he air very suspicious, my lord, I assure you. You'd say so yourself if you saw him."



CHARLES SANTLEY, Baritone.



SIMS REEVES, Tenor.

(See Amusement Annals.)

"Oh, I can take your word for it, Barber," said Sir Fielding, getting tired of the subject, and engrossed with his papers. "You must keep a sharp lookout on the birds and hares and——Why, bless me, here's Tyndall's article on 'Light and its Relevant Heat' at last! Eh? oh, Barber, go into the housekeeper's room and tell her she's to give you—eh?—oh, what you like."

"A bottle of wine from the butler, and some luncheon," said Chudleigh kindly.

And, dismissed with a nod, the man, filled with gratitude, bowed respectfully at his beautiful young mistress, whom he adored, stepped from the window, and, leaping over the terrace, disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.—*Henry VI.*

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.—*Richard III.*

Little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.—*Othello.*
Let no man abide this deed
But we, the doers.—*Julius Cæsar.*

There was once to be seen in the city which, perhaps, stands still on the Metropolis of the World, a small picture by a clever young artist, representing Cupid, the god of love, daintily attired in a soup-basin hat, training a pair of turtle doves with a croquet mallet. It was a clever idea, and not far from being a truthful one; for there are more love-matches made over and through croquet during the season than any other game extant. Being fully aware of this fact, the Misses Gregson coaxed their papa into giving a croquet party, and issued invitations to half the county. It was to be a "gathewing of the c-c-lans," as Lord Crownbrilliants expressed it, and a great number of acceptations were expected. Mr. Gregson, once having given way to his daughters' "confounded nonsense," immediately set about making the best of the matter, and brought down a host of workmen from town to build gorgeous marquees of crimson and gold, erect artificial shrubberies and solid-looking fortifications, and turn The Folly grounds into as close an imitation of the Versailles gardens as they could possibly be made. For two weeks before the event the house, as Tom said, was "flung out of window." Great *chefs* took possession of the kitchen, cunning artificers seized the drawing-rooms and knocked them into theatres—for there were to be some charades played by a London troupe of actors, specially engaged. Decorators marched up and down the Hall, and the family were driven in despair to the upper floors of refuge—the dining-room and bedchambers.

"It's a dreadful piece of fuss," admitted Miss Lavinia.

"A confounded nuisance," growled Tom.

"A diabolical piece of stupidity!" roared his father.

But although everyone was out of temper with the nuisance, stupidity or fuss, each and all were persuaded that it was the proper thing to do, and that good results would follow, although, if asked of what nature were the good results they expected, they would severally have been rather puzzled to say. Notwithstanding Tom's repeated assurance for weeks beforehand that the particular Monday fixed on for the fete would be a wet one, the day opened with a glorious burst of sunshine, and without a single cloud. The invitations had been very freely accepted, and a shining host of betitled people was expected. There were to be Lord Cornthwaite, the greatest and grandest man in Armsthorpe, with my lady and their son, the Marquis of Graventon, a most frightful character, who in any other rank in life would have been sent abroad for his country's good, but was only head-shaken at by the chaperones and mothers of marriageable daughters, and called, not without a spark of admiration, "a naughty man," or at worst "a *roue*." Then there were the Marquis of Townston and the Marchioness—people who never walked, or rode save behind four of the best blood, and were known to be the wealthiest people in the county, and credited with being the wealthiest in the world.

"I wonder if the Townstons will come in their puce liveries," had mused Miss Bella, "or the crimson cerise."

With them were expected their neighbors, the Honorable Holdens, who were as poor as church-mice, but whose blood was reputed to be the color of a blue-bag.

These physiological curiosities would have refused the invitation, scorning to pass the threshold or tread the lawn of a Manchester merchant, had not Sir Fielding Chichester, whose blood was as cerulean as their own, and Lord Crownbrilliants taken care to let them know that they were going. The Chichesters, Lady Mildred, Lord Crownbrilliants, and the heads of Annsleigh, of course, accepted, and a shoal of literary, artistic and eccentric noblemen, who had been captured with Lord Crownbrilliants' assistance, made up the list. An invitation had been sent to the Rectory—that is to say, it had been dropped into the slit of the old gate—but it might have been inserted through the palings of the Durant family-vault, for all notice that was taken of it.

At ten o'clock the distinguished company began to arrive, and for two hours the gravel drives were cut up by spanking cattle and magnificent equipages. The Gregsons found their hands quite full in the matter of reception, but they were backed up by Sir Fielding and Lord Crownbrilliants, and by constantly reiterating the assertion that The Folly was Liberty Hall, and taking the guests to the gorgeous marquees in which refreshments of the choicest and most elaborate kind were displayed, got through very well. A military band was stationed in the grounds, and around it, collected in groups, were the early arrivals, waiting for the striking of the hoops and the commencement of the croquet. In one of these stood the Honorable Chandos Holden and the Marquis of Graventon, talking together in languid tones, and criticising their surroundings in extremely cynical ones.

"Tremendous place," said the Marquis. "Never saw grounds better laid out."

"No," assented the Honorable. "The old fellow knows how to do things. No end of money all this sort of thing costs. He can afford it, that's one thing."

"Pretty rich?" asked the Marquis.

"Diabolically," replied the other. "The three cubs will have a fortune each. Nothing like Manchester. I know a man who says this Gregson has made two millions —— Hush! Here's the boy and his sister. Mr. Gregson, I was just saying to the Marquis that I never saw a more beautiful place. Holden Chase will be an eyesore to me after this. Such taste! Exquisite, by Jove!"

"Exquisite, indeed!" echoed the Marquis, bestowing one of his killing smiles upon Miss Bella, who colored beneath it vividly.

"I am glad you like it," she said. "Have you been to the conservatories?"

"Not yet; I've only just come," replied the Marquis. "I will go to them at once if you will tell me that they are only one-half so pretty as this."

Miss Bella smiled, and the Marquis, offering his arm, begged her to play escort, and away they went.

"Fond of horses?" said Tom, left alone with the Honorable, and in despair for conversation.

"Very," replied the aristocrat, eyeing the plebeian with critical glass.

"I can show you a fast one, I think," said Tom, "if you like to walk round to the stables."

And so the Honorable was disposed of. In another group stood Lord Cornthwaite and Clarence Gervaise, the landscape-painter. His lordship was a lover of art, and therefore ran to artists with fervor.

"Pretty little picture of yours, Gervaise," he was saying. "Sold it?"

"Yes, Lord Browntons bought it. Gave my man Davies a cool thousand."

"Heavy," remarked his lordship.

"Very!" laughed the fortunate artist; "but Browntons can afford it. By George! there's a splendid bit of color! Who is she?"

And he cast a glance in the direction of Carlotta, who at that moment entered the grounds, dressed in a white satin, with black lace falling on it, and glittering here and there with some antique ornament, of a character quite unknown to the fashionables assembled. Her hair was brushed from her forehead as usual, but bound up at the back in thick, heavy coils that would not have shamed a Cleopatra.

"Don't know," said his lordship. "Who's that old lady with ——. Oh, by Jove, that's Lady Mildred. I can get the introduction. Hullo! here's Crownbrilliants."

And he stopped to shake hands with that individual, who was walking in the direction of Lady Mildred and Carlotta.

"Ah, Cornthwaite," he drawled. "Glad to see you, by Jove! Pwetty gwounds, eh? Seen Mr. Gwegson? Nice old boy. Mr. Gervaise, think we've met before. I admiwere that p-p-picture of yours immensely. Gwand! Simply gwand!"

"Do you know that beauty?" said Cornthwaite. "Gervaise and I want an introduction."

"Who? W-which?" stammered Lord Crownbrilliants, staring about, although he knew perfectly well whom Lord Cornthwaite meant.

"The one in satin and lace," was the reply.

"Oh, yes; that's Miss Lawley. Staying with Lady Wildwed. Want an intwoduction? Come along!"

And the three went off. Lord Crownbrilliants, with a flush of color in his face as he shook hands with her ladyship and Carlotta, introduced his friends, and then reluctantly obeyed a look from an old dowager who had known his father, and himself since his infancy, and crossed over to her.

At three o'clock Sir Fielding, Maud and Chudleigh arrived, and Maud found herself speedily surrounded by a throng of respectful admirers, who claimed acquaintance with her on the score of friendship for her father. Her pale, sweet, fresh loveliness was particularly bewitching for the *blase* men of society, and every step she took some exquisite or another turned to make an inaudible note of genuine admiration. When croquet began, the groups broke up and the band commenced playing. Lord Crownbrilliants, Carlotta and Miss Bella found themselves together in one set, while Maud and Tom Gregson were paroled into another. Chudleigh was chained to a pretty little girl in the archery ground, and, with his usual good-nature, was vainly endeavoring to teach her how to use the bow, while his fine eyes constantly wandered to the noble figure of Carlotta in the distance. Lord Crownbrilliants hated croquet, as he did every other game which necessitated his standing in the hot sun for any length of time, and Carlotta was scarcely one to be particularly delighted with knocking wooden balls through hoops, so that it is little wonder their side came off the losers.

"By Jove!" murmurred his lordship, shaking his head with a would-be regretful smile. "We've lost, eh? I'm vewy sowwy. I said I c-couldn't play, you know."

"And you can't—not a bit," muttered a young gentleman, who, being devotedly attached to the game, and unfortunately on his lordship's side, was rather savage.

"Never mind; b-better next time," he added with woeful cheerfulness, sucking his mallet. "Play again, Miss Lawley?" he asked anxiously.

"No; I am rather hot," said Carlotta. "Let me go and get a substitute."

Lord Crownbrilliants looked delighted.

"W-wait a minute," he said. "There's Ponsonby and his sister waiting to come in. I'll go and ask them."

And he went over and brought the pair up.

"Where is Lady Mildred, I wonder?" said Carlotta, resting her hand upon his arm lightly.

"Lady Mildwed? In the conservatowy," replied Lord Crownbrilliants promptly, who remembered seeing her ladyship at the end of the lawn behind. "We will go and find her."

"Thank you," said Carlotta unsuspectingly, and they walked off in the direction of the huge glass buildings near the house.

"Lucky dog, Crownbrilliants," whispered little Lord Cripon to his neighbor Mrs. Vavasour—"got the beauty in his tolls."

"I don't know," replied the lady, nibbling her ice and looking wise—as she was. "Not a very great catch, my lord."

"No money?" asked Cripon, who was too old a friend of the lady's to be bashful.

"Not a penny," was the reply.

"Ah," said his lordship, with evidently cooling admiration.

"I don't see Lady Mildred," said Carlotta when they had reached the centre of the artificial world of nature, where stood a rustic fountain, from which the water sprang up through a woman's clasped fingers upraised in prayer, until it moistened the clinging leaves above. "I do not think she is here."

"At the other end, pwaps," said Lord Crownbrilliants. "Won't you sit down a little while and west?" and he brushed some leaves from a rock seat for her.

Carlotta sank into it, but still looked up and down the tessellated pavements.

"Ah, there is Miss Gregson," she said, getting a glimpse of that young lady's expansive crimson costume through a parting of the leaves. "Let us go to her."

"Not for a minute or two," pleaded his lordship. "It would be a pity to disturb Miss Gwegson; she is evidently quite engwossed. West a little while in the cool, and I will go and get you an ice."

"Not an ice, thanks," she said. "I'm not so hot, but I will rest a little while."

And she leant back, with her large, clear eyes fixed upon the floor.

"I'd give a thousand pounds for your thoughts," said he, rather timidly, bending over her.

"They are not worth a thousand farthings," she replied, looking up at him calmly.

"Then will you tell me them?" he drawled.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "if you like. I was thinking how badly you played croquet."

"Were you, by Jove?" he exclaimed, gazing at her with wondering admiration. "D-do you like cwoquet?"

"Not much," she replied.

"Nor I," he said, looking pleased. "That's stwange, isn't it? Do you know—he! he!—it's vewy widiculous, but I was thinking the game of life was vewy like the game of cwoquet."

"How?" she said, scarcely hearing him, her eyes fixed upon the tall form of Chudleigh Chichester as he stood talking to Mrs. Vavasour, and looking around—as she could plainly see—with eager yet painfully searching eyes. "Was he looking for her?" she thought.

"*He!* he!—it is widiculous. One has such stwange ideaws sometimes. Y-e-es. This is what I th-thought. Men and women are like the balls, the hoops are the incidents and a-a-accidents of life, the mallets are the f-fates, and the lawn, the gwound, you know, is the course of twue love."

She looked up with a weary smile, and, speaking more to herself than him, said:

"How so, my lord? 'True love,' says the proverb, 'never runs smooth.'"

"The pwoverb is wong," exclaimed his lordship eagerly, "at l-least, sometimes. Don't you believe in pwoverbs, they're so widiculous. Why shouldn't twue love won smooth when there are all the th-things to make it?"

She bowed her head.

"I cannot answer," she said. "I don't know; therefore I am beaten. Go on."

"Where?" exclaimed the peer, his pretty little similitude having flown his narrow brain long ago. "Oh, ah, yes—by Jove!—weally forgot. Where was I?—oh, well, the winning-post is matwimony, and that's all. There's nothing more left—he! he!" counting up on his fingers; "balls men and women, mallets fate, lawn twue love, post matwimony —y-e-s, that's all."

"It's very pretty," said Carlotta. "Where did you read it?"

"Nowhere, 'pon honor!" exclaimed his lordship triumphantly. "Perfectly owiginal, I assure you;" then suddenly: "You're making fun of me, Miss Lawley."

"No, no, I am not," she said, almost eagerly, arousing herself with a start, and smiling coldly up in his face.

"Are you sure?" he asked, screwing his eyes up searchingly and shaking his golden hair slowly. "I'm so glad. I hate you to make fun of me, Car—Miss Lawley, I mean. You know I do, don't you? I'm afwaid you always think I'm vewy widiculous."

"No, I do not," she said, turning her face away with an apprehension of what was coming that made her feel cold and faint.

"Let us go and find Lady Mildred."

"Oh, no, not this minute!" he said, flushing, and dropping into the seat by her side. "Don't go this minute, Car—Miss Lawley. I want to speak to you—if I dare; you'll listen to me, won't you? I—Carlotta, I love you. I —you know I do, any fellow could see that l-long ago."

Struggling on with his softened "r's" and drawling voice, quickened by the excitement, he paused at last for breath, and, clutching at her hand nervously, waited for her to speak. How wondrous is the human heart! Struggling with her feeling of blank despair and horror, she remembered years after the thrill of triumph that she felt, as she compared this idiot's babbling to the noble flood of words, the flashing eyes, of that other one who had asked and taken his refusal like a man.

"Oh, speak, oh, speak, Carlotta!" exclaimed the exquisite with puny accents. "Tell me you l-love me," then he stopped, for her cold, dreamy face startled him. "Are y-you ill?" he asked, aghast.

"Give me time," she gasped, as if for air. "Give me till to-night," she pleaded, pushing his hand away with her own icy one.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, catching at her arm and drawing her towards him. "Now—now!—let me know if you love me and will be Lady Crownbrilliants."

Was it possible that he knew the winning card, that he should play it at this critical moment?

"Now," he repeated, putting his other arm round her waist. "Come, Carlotta, s-say yes!"

A shudder ran through her frame, but her voice was cold, calm, unquivering, and even clear, as, summoning all her strength, she looked down upon him and said:

"Yes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THIS may seem a work of supererogation," he said, as he toddled down to the front gate, and commenced operations on the hinges with some lubricating fluid and a feather; "but the critical period has arrived when young men have to be handled very delicately, and just the least bit of a set-back may throw things. The slightest creak might be disastrous, and this gate's got to stand for four more girls besides little Louise."

TOO LATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

I sit and sip my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire;
'Tis very old, 'tis very fine,
A vintage to inspire
Such fancies as a poet might weave,
And, weaving, strike his lyre.
I sip the wine, but would you think,
To hear me sing, rhythmic chink,
I'm grumbling ever while I drink?

It comes too late, too late, I muse,
This sherry rare and mellow,
Why did relentless Fate refuse
To smile, while yet a fellow
Was young and strong and lusty-limbed,
Before his face grew yellow
With indigestion? Ah, the wine,
The envied nectar now is mine,
But gone the taste which made it fine!

I know this velvet covered chair
Is wondrous soft and easy,
But what of comfort can I share
Grown corpulent and wheezy?
Ah, could I thus have stretched my limbs
When life was fresh and breezy,
But now—well, now I've learned to doubt
If anybody's yet found out
A chair that's easy for the gout!

Woodcock and turtle, quail on toast,
These things of feasting savor,
And yet the game, the fish, and roast
Have lost for me the flavor.
I could have relished these things once,
Had fortune smiled with favor;
But now, with dainties spread in sight,
With all the palate can delight,
I've lost the sauce of appetite!

Because I drive my coach and four,
The girls are proud to meet me;
They come unbidden to my door,
And with a kiss they greet me;
They throw their arms about my neck—
Yes, that's the way they treat me—
But passion's flames are all unknown;
The lips to kiss are mine, I own—
The nectar of the kiss has flown!

And so I sip my sherry wine,
Beside the blazing fire,
And 'bough 'tis old and very fine,
Sau thoughts it doth inspire:
For sitting here, in luxury's slap,
Of Fortune's smile I tire;
And I would give my broad estate
For any boon bestowed by Fate,
Which did not come too late, too late!

WINNING A WIFE'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

A lady's private studio—a large, plain but lofty room, deliciously lighted. Living flowers, busts, pictures, statuettes and statues were everywhere in a sort of exquisite confusion that impresses one as does some rich, æsthetic poem that is harmonious and artistic, though seemingly independent of rhyme or measure. Before the newly-finished picture on the easel stood the artist—a slim brunette, large-eyed, red-lipped, and with features as pale and passionless as if chiseled from untinted marble. She wore some loose, graceful dress of black cloth, and on her proud, firmly-set head a coquettish cap of pink velvet tasseled with gold. She was gazing more passionately than critically upon this fresh production of her brush and palette, that in touch and color was as perfect as the subject was peculiar.

On the canvas was represented a post-bridal chamber. The pale walls were tinted with the faintest blush of rose and glint of gold of the sunset that was visible through a richly stained window, half-hidden by waves of lace like surf froth. On one side was a couch like a bank of snow, and in the far background a statue of the Goddess of Justice—not Justice with her scales and blinded eyes, not the Astræa of the Golden Age, but Justice bowed in despair, weeping over wrong that could not be righted, and veiled in a mist of gloom; and, almost in the foreground, a tragic figure, in dusky shadows, lay bridal robes and adornments—laces and satin, orange-flowers and chains of pearls, a ring of gold and a diadem of diamonds, with the floating, filmy veil. In the foreground stood the half-clothed bride—a tragic figure of beauty and passion and woe, her face turned away, her black hair sweeping her bare shoulders, her lovely arms and hands posed as they were when the bride had torn from her finger and flung down the golden ring that seemed still to chink against the diamonds in the orange-wreath. The pathos of the picture was augmented by a bit of parchment that lay amid the white lilies and rosebuds of the mossy carpet, on which was written in tiny characters:

Fell to the beautiful a knell—
A knell for the young and fair
Who goes to the sound of the marriage-bell
On a life-long wife of despair.

The artist gazed upon the canvas intently, so intently and so utterly heedless of all else that she was not aware of the presence of the gentleman who had entered the studio, and now stood beside her with a face that had grown white as death.

"Why did you paint that, Madeline?" he asked in a voice that was stern and full of pain.

"Why do I paint anything?" she returned coldly. "But does that not answer?" she asked, pointing to the picture, "what you felt after you had walked with me 'to the sound of the marriage-bell?' Did you feel then that you had begun 'a life-long walk of despair?'"

She was silent, and the man's face grew set and hard and masterful.

"I desire you to give up painting entirely, Madeline," he said. "I wish you to devote yourself more to society, to associate with fashionable women, and to become what my wife ought to be —my honor and my pride."

"I shall not give up my painting," she answered, and her whitening lips quivered with passionate scorn. "I wish to be entirely independent of your money—of *you*, if you will. If our marriage had been different. But I cannot forget that our union was made by the whim of a third party; and, forgive me, Mr. Haslehurst, but I think your father was quite too romantic and overnice in his sense of honor for this practical country and century. Our fathers speculated jointly; my father lost all, and the shock killed him. Your parent made a fortune, and, after enjoying it for years, began to feel, just as he was dying, that he ought to make some reparation for—was it the ill-gained sense of it, or wrong done? He told you that unless you make me your wife he shall divide the property equally between us, but that if you marry me you shall still be his heir of all."

"How do you know all this, Madeline?"

"I heard it on my wedding morning," she replied, with a bitter glance at the picture.

Earle Haslehurst's handsome and high-bred features lost something of the chilly pride that distinguished him. A faint smile of pitying tenderness came into his blue eyes.

"Can we not learn to love each other, Madeline?"

"No," she answered, not looking at him. "Besides the obstacle of which we have spoken, we are too unlike in habit, and feelings, and principle. The man I love must be an artist like myself, and he must woo me to win me, and when I am won I must be his confidant and companion—not a creature to simply pour his coffee, entertain his guests, amuse him when he chooses, and be exhibited by him occasionally in his carriage or box at the opera."

For an instant a curious smile crept around the red lips under his brown moustache, and then he turned from her angrily.

"And I suppose," he cried, "that you will exhibit yonder creation of passion and misery in some gallery, and let it speak to the whole world of the hapless, hopeless life we are living. And by and by it will attract the incarnate ideal with his artistic tastes and his poetic sympathies, and bouquets will follow, and what we fellows with coarser souls would call a flirtation—perhaps you'd call it an æsthetic affinity—and platonic pleasures will brighten 'your walk of despair.'"

"*This* is the picture I intend to exhibit," she said, not replying to the sarcastic portion of his speech, and drawing aside the pale, blue drapery from a framed portrait—a masculine head in profile.

He started, looked at her eagerly, and then back to the picture.

The head was his—his features, his hair, his eyes—but yet it was not his own. There was a spirit of fire, a soul of passion, a picturesque poise of the head, and the Rubens hat that he detested.

"Men paint their ideal women, and why should not a woman paint her ideal man?" she observed simply.

Perhaps he thought the remark unanswerable, for he said no more; but, as he left her, the same odd smile lurked about his handsome mouth.

These two, whose wedded life seemed so full of discord, had been husband and wife for less than a year. Both were proud, and both were obstinate, and both had hidden and highly emotional natures that only the mighty potency of a real reciprocal love would ever reveal.

Several weeks after Madeline's portrait-picture was exhibited in a public gallery, another by an unknown artist, also in profile, was hung beside it. When Madeline first saw it, the hot blood colored her proud, marble-still face, for she instantly recognized herself. The same day her own picture was taken away by a purchaser whose name she could not learn, and who paid an astonishing price for it.

"It was bought by an artist," she was informed.

"Madeline," said her husband to her one day, "have you seen any of Vernon Rossiter's sea-pieces?"

"Yes; I think they are beautiful," she returned.

"I will take you to his studio, if you wish to go," he rejoined

And so they went together. Vernon Rossiter was out, but they were privileged to enter.

"Do you know why I brought you here, Madeline?"

"I was so pleased to come that I did not think of anything else," was her response.

"Indeed!" was the satirical retort. "Well, do you recognize this?"

She turned and saw the profile with the Rubens hat.

"And this?"

She looked and saw a full-length portrait of herself.

"How long have you known Vernon Rossiter?" he asked sternly. "When and where did you sit for this? Ah! you need not answer; I am prepared to disbelieve anything that you may say."

They drove home in utter silence, and as Mr. Haslehurst followed her into the parlor his keen eyes saw on the table a magnificent basket of flowers—tube-roses, blue pansies and scarlet carnations, from which dangled a perfumed card bearing the name of Vernon Rossiter.

From that day Earle Haslehurst lived more apart from his wife than before. He was often ironical, seemingly neglectful, but never positively unkind. And Madeline, shunning him and society, wondered and dreamed in her little world of art, and wasted the fire and freshness of her youth in unavailing yearnings and bitter regrets. Her nature cried for love, her lips craved kisses, and her heart was hungry for caressing words. Every day brought an exquisite basket of flowers from Rossiter, then of rare and luscious fruit, then apologetic, complimentary notes, and by-and-bye a sealed letter—sweet, insidious and dangerous to a woman like Madeline, who, starving for love, believes herself neglected and uncared for. That same afternoon a lady—a dilettante in art like herself—called with her carriage, and invited Mad

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

RYAN, Worcester.—1. When the men came up for the 11th round, foul was claimed for Collyer because Edward S seconds had applied Venice turpentine, a sticky but harmless substance, to his hands, for the purpose of keeping them closed. The claim was not allowed, the referee ordering the fight to proceed, and, upon Sam Collyer's toe coming on the scratch, announcing that he would reserve his decision. This he unnecessarily delayed giving until two days had elapsed, when he declared Edwards the winner. If he feared bodily harm at the ring-side, he was justified in reserving his decision until after his return to Pittsburg the evening following the fight, but he had no excuse for longer delaying it. 2. Edwards informed us that his weight upon entering the ring that day was 126lb. 3. No; Cast-iron Mac's name is Charles Collins, who at last accounts was in Bridgeport, Ct. Jim Collins is an inmate of a lunatic asylum in Massachusetts.

W. McD. FRASER.—1. Bogardus. 2. Ira A. Paine defeated Captain Bogardus in their first championship match, shot on Long Island, Jan. 28, 1871. The second match, shot on Long Island, Jan. 29, 1874, took place at Bogardus' residence, 9 Edwards street, New York city, and was won by Paine. Their third match, shot on May 23, same year, Bogardus winning. Their fourth match, shot on July 10 following, they again contended for the championship badge at Chicago, Ill., Paine being beaten; score, 90 to 89. This badge became the personal property of Bogardus after he beat E. W. Tinker for it at Chicago, May 15, 1873, and on the day following he again defeated Paine, at the same place, in a match for $500, fifty single birds. Bogardus also beat Paine in a match at Detroit, Mich., Bogardus also beat Paine in a match at Detroit, Mich., May 17, 1870, darkness coming on after they had shot at 70 birds each, with a score of 61 to 56 in favor of B. The match was not resumed, Paine giving up the stake.

H. B. MILLER, Jr.—1. Ordinarily, a player who overpegs at cribbage is required merely to go back to where he belongs. But at the strict or "punishing" game, he not only goes back that number, but is liable to lose the game at once, as his adversary is entitled to peg himself forward as many as the other has overscored. 2. If A makes 2 and pegs 4, there is no rule which compels B to peg A back. If B neglects to peg A back 2, A cannot peg B back for the penalty of that neglect. Had B put A back but one peg, instead of two, A could not have marked it back one in penalty. But had B pegged A back three, instead of two, then A could have pegged B back one, and himself have taken one.

R. J. MCGOWAN, Toronto.—R. N. Harrison was reported to have cleared 5ft. 3in. in the standing high jump at the Caledonian games at Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 11, 1874; but we have not been able to obtain satisfactory corroboratory evidence, and therefore have not given the alleged performance a place on the record. We do not doubt that the crossbar was placed at the height mentioned, and that he cleared it; the question is, was it fair, perfectly level ground from which Harrison took off. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

READER, Pittsburg.—When you play games under special conditions, you also make rules covering every case liable to arise under those conditions, but which could not occur if the game were played as it ought to be. It is common sense that, having once passed, B did not should not be allowed to count the second or third round. The bet, however, cannot be conscientiously decided, as, in point of fact, you were not playing pedro.

B. F. Yonkers.—The fixed conditions have never been satisfactorily settled, and probably never will be. The treaties are vague, and open to different constructions. The question is not published as a claim on him. The question resolves itself into this: Would this Government involve itself in a war because of its adopted citizen? The only safety for such a citizen would be for him to be in America.

CONSTANT READER, Baldwin, Kan.—Write to Secretary Bristow, Washington, D. C.

CLERGYMAN, Staunton, Kan.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, inclosing a stamp for reply, for a copy of the copyright law. 2. You may have to do. All are free to use any book or person may translate and adapt any play by a foreign author, and can copyright their respective versions. There being no international copyright, all such plays are public property here.

M. L., Philadelphia.—1. There can be no blind after cards are dealt. 2. Even before cards were dealt, D, who was No. 3 in the game, could not have gone blind without the consent of 1 and 2, who alone, by refusing, could transfer it to C, and C, with B's consent, could transfer it to D.

W. H. P., Fair Play.—At the last U. S. census, Cincinnati (1870) had 216,239, and St. Louis 310,864. Local censuses in the case of those rival cities (along with Cincinnati) are not to be relied upon. They would count the same people twice, and all those who have been buried within the year.

G. W. G., Pictou.—1. At casino 21 is usually game. It is, however, sometimes played in single deals (that is, the pack is dealt out once only), and when it is played in that manner it is not a pone's game at once, as his adversary is entitled to peg himself forward as many as the other has overscored. 2. If A makes 2 and pegs 4, there is no rule which compels B to peg A back. If B neglects to peg A back 2, A cannot peg B back for the penalty of that neglect. Had B put A back but one peg, instead of two, A could not have marked B back one in penalty. But had B pegged A back three, instead of two, then A could have pegged B back one, and himself have taken one.

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FLAT, Toronto.—At the game of the Hudson County (N. J.) Caledonian Club, July 4, 1877, the running long jump (20ft.), running high jump (5ft. 8in.), and hitch-and-kick were all won by A. C. Reid, who carried off six prizes. E. W. Johnson was the principal winner, carrying off four first and five second prizes.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, Philia.—That side which was first to get 21 should have claimed out at once. Casino is a call-out game, as also are almost all other games except all-fours. In that, points of equal value have precedence one over another, which is not the case in cassino.

THOMAS, Blanchardville.—1. John Morrissey is a fair ball, owing to the manner in which he bounded into the diamond before passing the first base. The decision was correct.

EUREKA COTEKIE.—1. Four sevens and an ace count 32. 2. There is no way, except by advertising for complete sets.

C. C. C., St. Louis.—No record of time by sailing vessels between New York and Antwerp. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875.

READER, Allegheny.—The Contest will be forty-seven years old if he lives till Feb. 5 next.

CHALMERS, Springfield.—Having been "assisted," B could not play alone.

G. C.—We do not know that he did. Tell us what you know, and it may guide us in our search. 2. No.

SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—At regular euchre there can be but one lone hand at a time.

R. A. C., Hartford.—We prefer not to insert the advertisement. See rates on eighth page.

R. AND C.—The Great Eastern first arrived at this port June 28, 1860.

H. K., Bryan.—No answers by mail. It could not be obtained for that purpose.

WM. R. W., Benton.—It was a bet procured by fraud, and is void.

H. McG.—If it is addressed to the Academy of Music, Chicago, it will reach him.

BILLY, Rochester.—Strictly, the turned-down card should be remembered.

J. R.—Write to the church of the parish in which you were born. The facts should be recorded there.

H. E. A., Baltimore.—1. There is no work of that kind. 2. See our advertising columns.

J. N.—Hell-Gate was blown away at 2:51 P. M., on Sunday, Sept. 24, 1876.

F. H., Cincinnati.—If poker-dice, the three sixes and any other pair beat three aces and any other pair.

WM. P. JONES, Boston.—We cannot name anyone who is anxious to bet that way.

OTS S.—It lacks smoothness, the rhymes do not jingle properly, and there is nothing fresh about it. Try again.

J. M. H., Detroit.—We have so many fresh bits awaiting their insertion that we cannot republish the poem referred to.

DECLINED.—"Jim's Resolve," "The Little Belle," "The Last Act."

STAGE-MANAGER, Lexington.—Ninety cents for each inserted.

RAT-CATCHER, Boston.—We do not know where those traps can be purchased.

A. B. C., Hudson.—Write to Shannon, Miller & Crane, who advertise.

REX, Fall River.—Yes; generally in Chicago, and sometimes in St. Paul.

DORSON, Caribou.—Three threes and two sixes count eighteen.

SAM, St. Louis.—At draw-poker everybody who intends to play should discard before anybody is served.

J. C. AND ROUSEVILLE.—She is living, and performing with her sisters.

J. D., Philadelphia.—It was the correct thing for him to wear his hat.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—We cannot spare the space to reprint the list or part of it.

W. H. YOUNG.—The letter is for another party of the same name.

INC. IN A QUANDARY, Brooklyn.—The proper way, if the name is to be written at all, is to write it in full.

B. M., Toronto.—Both men have been dead about twenty-five years.

F. W. C., Lawson Station.—We never heard of anybody doing so.

J. H. R., Dallas.—Ten Broeck, 1:39¾, Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878.

JOHN H. PRESENT.—John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831.

MORISON, Toronto.—Jim Mace and Tom Allen fought once only, and then near New Orleans, La., in 1870.

T. H. G., Allegheny.—Cannot say until we have read it.

M. C.—Kossuth arrived in New York in December, 1851.

J. E. G., Brooklyn.—There is no run for 5, 7, Jack, and 6.

E. J. S.—Apply to Hartz & Levy, 1,131 Broadway, N. Y.

D. M'GINNIS.—It expired with No. 41, present volume.

J. H. H. JR.—Fisk was shot by Stokes on Jan. 6, 1872.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—Consult a druggist.

BROOKLYN.—Three deuces beat seventeen at raffles.

BROOKLYN.—She may possibly have done so.

H. V. R., Chicago.—Have not space to spare.

A. F., Boston.—We forwarded it to him.

C. B., Palmer.—It is a trifle "off color."

F. H. M.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H. B. FLEMING.—No; none at present.

J. P. N., Dayton.—Cannot advise you.

G. C.—They are waiting their time.

BUDGIE.—Your card costs 90 cents.

J. L., Phila.—No.

GOLD FELL in Wall street last week, but it was immediately raised by the curbstone brokers.

CONCERNING BENEFITS.

Within a comparatively short space of time there have been two notable benefit-performances given in this city—the one to Edwin Adams, and the other to John Brougham. In both instances the personal popularity of the beneficiaries was such as to awaken public interest in the success of the enterprise. In both, too, the cause was of a nature to stir up whatever latent generosity might lie concealed in a man's breast. The whole-souled, big-hearted Ned Adams, lying at the point of death and reduced to poverty, deserved the assistance of friends. His life had run itself out in kindness to others. His claims in the hour of need were upon humanity, not charity. This also may be said of John Brougham, who is to be counted a benefactor for the life-long efforts which he has made to lighten the burdens of others. Altogether, it was eminently fitting that these two men should receive some practical recognition of their services. And so what was called a public testimonial was tendered them. Did the public respond?

Before that question is answered, let a line be drawn between the public and the dramatic profession. The latter certainly does its share by furnishing the entertainment, without which no benefit performance could be given. At the sale of boxes for the Adams benefit the purchasers, almost without exception, were persons connected with the stage. The public, it is true, turned out in generous numbers to witness the performance, but it left to the profession the opportunity of contributing something more than the price of a ticket. The unusual attentions offered would, in themselves, have served to fill the Academy of Music at any time. In other words, it was the performance, and not the cause, which drew together a crowd. The average outsider paid his five dollars for admission with no thought of Ned Adams, but with the distinct understanding that he was to see Sothern play Othello. In the case of the Brougham benefit the intimatory steps were, according to popular belief, taken by prominent citizens not connected with the stage. But these prominent citizens failed to put in an appearance when the boxes were sold. And while the enterprise was comparatively successful, it did not yield so large a sum as the friends of Mr. Brougham had a right to expect. We cannot but think that the public's share in both of these testimonial benefits was out of all proportion to that of the dramatic profession.

These two cases may be taken as a fair illustration of benefit performances in general. It is to his professional associates, more than to the public, that the actor is indebted in the time of need. These latter contribute not only their time and talents, but their money; and so they sometimes cripple themselves in their efforts to help others. The actor who devotes himself honestly to his art has a certain claim upon the public. He seeks to brighten the world by furnishing innocent amusement. He works that others may be entertained. He comes to hold a peculiar relation towards those who witness his mimic joys and sorrows. They are his acquaintances, albeit he does not know their faces; his friends, though they never so much as speak a word to him. A feeling akin to this is shared by the audience. Persons who have never seen an actor off the stage learn to appreciate him, to feel an interest in him, to count him among their friends. When they have laughed at his humor, or wept at his pathos, he ceases to be a stranger. So it happens that the actor, if he falls upon evil times, has a right to look to the public for help. He has played that the public might be amused; he has studied that the public might enjoy higher art; perhaps he has worn the cap and bells, when his heart was aching, that the public might laugh. By virtue of all this he has gained a lien upon the public's generosity. When the opportunity comes, if come it does, this lien should be paid promptly and cheerfully. Let none of our professional readers construe what we have here said into a plea for unlimited benefits. It is bad policy for any actor to suppose that as often as temporary misfortune befalls him the public should come to his assistance. Let benefits be given only where they are merited, and let them be honest expressions of the esteem in which the beneficiary is held. It is both natural and proper that an actor's professional associates should exert themselves earnestly in his behalf when misfortune overtakes him, but the public also ought to lend a hand in the good work. The profession should not be called upon to fill the stage and the seats as well. The debt of gratitude is the actor's claim upon the public—and that is a debt which cannot be collected at law, but which, when paid, secures the rare receipt of satisfaction in having done a generous act.

IT SEEMS to be a tough battle, that now going on between John Morrissey and King Death, a good constitution seconding the Senator from the Seventh, while the doctors are backing the Old Scythe-bearer, and aiding and abetting the latter in his efforts to count him out; but, so far, the old sport has made a good display against his combined adversaries, and, if not sent to grass by a foul blow, John may live to "come up smiling" for many a day. Charles O'Conor had just such a tussle with his doctors, but he floored them at last, after they had wiped him out and published his obituary. With the stamina that John Morrissey possesses, we may look for a like favorable result in his case.

NOBLY did the actors and actresses respond to the appeal in behalf of the veteran of the stage, John Brougham; without their aid, both professionally and financially, the event so graciously tendered "by our first citizens" might have been a lamentable failure. The large-hearted associates of the beneficiary came forward with their usual liberality and tender feeling, and supplied what the owners of the high-sounding names failed to contribute. The genial one can have no difficulty in discovering where his *true* friends are to be found.

"THE SYNDICATE" having failed to place the four-per-cent. U. S. bonds, the Government will, in the kindest and most gracious manner possible, offer the loan to the people at 3.65 per cent. interest. The difference between the Syndicate and the people is clearly shown by the difference in the figures, the Syndicate having the best of the people by the 35th of one per cent.! This is worth knowing.

THERE IS a panic among the apothecary shops, and some of our most prominent druggists have been compelled to cry "a go," and salts won't save them. In the sweet by-and-bye, however, all will be well with them, for they are told to "cast your oil upon the troubled waters, and it shall return after many days." [We thought this little bit was going to turn out better than it looks in print.]

IN BROOKLYN, parties are divided on the question of hell-fire, Brother Talmage leading the believers in a place of future torture, while Brother Beecher marshals the comeouters, the latter being the more numerous. A party who is not favorably disposed towards the Tabernacle hell's-fire man, says if Talmage is to be there, *he* don't want to go!

IT IS WITH a sad heart and a bad pen that we record the fact that another insurance cashier has "passed in his checks"—with nothing in bank to make them good. And yet people are seriously discussing the question as to whether there is a lake that burneth with fire which is never quenched!

FOR LAYING OUT the janitor of the Children's Aid Society, Wm. A. Merritt was on the 15th inst. sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment! And this is Judge Sutherland's idea of what a "Reward of Merritt" should be.

A MAN named Booth has just received six and a quarter cents damages in a suit brought against a Pittsburg paper for libel! This should serve as a solemn warning to other journalists!

THE CREDITORS of Netter & Co. are not likely to net a very large percentage of their claims. This is dreadful!

WE DON'T KNOW what to make of the times while hundreds of firms have weakened and died, many are growing in-firm-er!

"THE SICK MAN" of Turkey requires medical advice. Will Doctor John Bull please prescribe?

HAVING RUN out of the old material with which good candidates for office are made, the different political organizations of the country have their eyes on public journalists, and it is probable that several of us will be solicited to lend our names and influence as candidates for high positions. We shall see anon.

CAUTION.—We feel it to be our duty to inform our friends that certain irresponsible hotel and restaurant proprietors are serving up squabs for "quail on toast." This is something that should receive the immediate attention of Mr. Bergh, and his society.

SINCE GILLMAN, Gale, Dr. Lambert and others of that stripe have changed their residences, their former friends are debating the question: "Ought we to visit them?" "Our Jim" thinks that some of them ought to.

LET'S GET UP another Quaker Commission to go out and treat the Indians with a view to peace. This apathy on both sides is detrimental to the interests of Indian agents and others concerned.

THE GENTLEMAN who has so long endeavored to make both ends *meat* has given up in despair, his boarding-house lady invariably circumventing him by making fish of one and flesh of the other.

SHOULD any of the bankrupt druggists come up smiling, and resume business, it will not be out of order to call them rehypothecaries.

IT IS an even bet as to which of the twain will turn up first—Charley Ross or Owen Murphy.

A TORRID EXCHANGE informs us that English brewers use well-water. Well, what 'er that?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Jan. 14: The House refused to hear the advocates of Woman Suffrage.....State-Senator John Buehler of Chicago stabbed three times by Michael Murso.....John Morrissey in a critical condition.....Thirteen lives thought to have been lost by the wreck of the schooner Little Kate, off Duxbury, Mass.....Numerous arrests for counterfeiting.....Brooklyn Aldermen couldn't elect a president.....Stamford, Ct., exercised over the excise trials.....Women joined the striking Crispins in Lynn.....First woman admitted to the Minnesota bar.....Judge John White of Hoboken indicted for injustice.....The Republican caucus of New York State Senators resolved to reject Fairchild's nomination.....Hartford burglars got away with $1,000 worth of diamonds.....Heavy storm on Pacific coast.....President advised the Florida negroes not to emigrate to San Domingo.....City news: Italians held a meeting to honor the memory of Victor Emmanuel; fire destroyed a vessel found in the North River proved to be the schooner E. H. Pray; death of James Rose, who was supposed to have been shot by "Owney" Geoghegan; California George held for the murder of Wm. J. Gould; dense fog on the rivers—Wall-street ferryboat collided with a bark; Henry E. Nevers, with $2,700 in his pocket, assaulted by three men in Thirty-first street, the thieves didn't get the money, but were caught after a lively chase; Joseph Schuldis hanged himself in Suffolk street; Assemblyman James T. Taylor reported insane; an Italian wedding in Jersey street ended in a serious fight.....By cable: Widdin about to surrender; the Servians captured Pranja; Slade the Spiritualist expelled from Vienna.....Cosima-brot.....The fire in the burning mine at Pittston, Pa., under control.....A barn at Fresh Pond, S. I., destroyed by fire, two valuable horses perishing.

*** Jan. 15: "Little Mac" inaugurated Governor of New Jersey.....New York Senate appropriated $300,000 for work on the new Capitol.....George H. Pendleton arrived in United States to look after the affairs of Continental Life-insurance Company in trouble.....State Temperance Alliance in convention at Trenton, N. J.....Leslie W. Russell and Whitelaw Reid elected Regents of the University, N. Y.....A Moody and Sankey excursion train fell through bridge near Tariffville, Ct. Several passengers killed and more wounded.....Bowie-knives and pistols bar-rooms in Nashville, Va., between Philip Grasty and W. P. Robinson.....Surrogate White of Cumberland County, N. J., fell dead.....Brotherton, the Auburn murderer, respited for one week.....Fifteen-year-old Brooklyn boy stabbed a companion, it was thought fatally.....Spotted Tail suppressed a mutiny by shooting two of his men.....Jacob Schaffer, N. Y., father frayed Dennis Sullivan's head with a club.....Greenback convention in Hartford.....Crispin strike extended to Marlboro, Mass.....Explosion in Pott's colliery, near Ashland, Pa. Four men killed.....Jennie Post in jail at New City, N. Y., for feeding arsenic to two families.....City news: Cargo of the scuttled schooner E. H. Pray found, and cook arrested on coroner's jury; autopsy on the body of Joseph Heil; officers of the Universal Life-insurance Company resigned; Downer & St. John, Wm. M. Giles & Co., and several other firms suspended; Margaret Drake jumped from a second-story window in Henry street; trial of Police-captain Williams for assault and battery; the bar held in readiness.....By cable: Judge Daniels.....By cable: Big battle between Philippopolis and Tartar Bazardjik—Turks beaten; Cleopatra's needle again afloat: E. W. Stoughton presented his credentials as Minister to St. Petersburg.....Davis Brothers & Co., Boston leather-dealers, suspended; liabilities $300,000.

*** Jan. 16: Democrats nominated Frank McKean Mayor of Hamilton, Ont.....Death of Samuel Bowles.....Thirteen bodies recovered from the railroad wreck at Tariffville, Ct.....New York Senate rejected the nomination of Fairchild.....Four men burned to death in Brunswick County, N. C.....A jury found ex-Gov. Bullock of Georgia not guilty.....Building in Pearl street fell, injuring three persons.....Dead City, near Deadwood, D. T., in possession of a mob.....Death sentence of Stephen Durden commuted to imprisonment for life by the Governor of North Carolina.....Gen. Williams nominated for United States Senator by the Kentucky Democrats.....John Bloomer, aged 12, drowned in the reservoir at Jersey City.....City news: James W. Jacques killed his woman he had led astray and took his own life in an Orchard-street tenement-house; passengers put off the Harlem trains for cheating the company out of their fare; coal companies settled details of the combination; Kinzey, the fancy-goods dealer, suspended; Columbia College ball at Delmonico's; Michael Jones took John Murphy's wife to the theatre, which was why John shot Samuel; William Yaghel stabbed James F. Cavanagh in Third avenue; Henry Combs, commission merchant, fell dead in his West-street office; meeting of the Episcopal Synod of New York; cook of the schooner E. H. Pray committed for piracy.....Bribery charges of the American

OF ROSE.

quest in the case of James alias of Rose, who was Geoghegan's saloon in the is city. Geoghegan, who had been released on bail, a number of friends, and counsel. Coroner Flana-n, at which the following

fied: While I was on post, Bowery, from Broome to t, at the corner of Hester scuffling, one of whom I an, in his shirt-sleeves, d a pistol going from Geo-ached the parties Geoghe-an twice. Then I saw and entering his own door. I was lying. I asked the ad shot him. The man to take Geoghegan to the be allowed to get his coat. gan broke from me, and had gone. I sent for a d man, and he was taken ets of the owners of the Rink. The heavy rental—$7,000 a year—was the incubus which weighed down the enterprise.

A ROLLER-SKATING MATCH, distance twenty miles, for £20, between J. Barnes and F. Rowland, was decided at the Victoria Skating Rink, London, Eng., Jan. 7. Barnes, who conceded half a mile start, won, accomplishing the journey in 1 hour 23 min. 44 2-5 sec. Rowland gave up after finishing sixteen miles one lap, when he was over half a mile behind. The winner's first mile was done in 3:30, and the second in 3:36.

ANOTHER QUOIT MATCH, for the twenty-one yards championship, took place at Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 29, in which James Armour of Loanhead beat Alexander Letham of Whifflet; score, 61 to 58. The winner's quoits weighed 20lb.; Letham's, 17lb. James Gorrell, referee.

BALDWIN WALKER, the left-handed Yorkshire cricketer, was found dead in his room at Southport, Eng., on the morning of Jan. 1. He had retired to rest in excellent health and spirits, and is supposed to have been seized with a fit while undressing.

DAVID STANTON proposes to attempt to ride a racing bicycle one thousand miles in six consecutive days (to ride not more than eighteen hours per day), at Agricultural Hall, London, about the middle of February.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will be held at Chickering Hall, this city, on Thursday evening, Jan. 24.

ALEX. LETHAM outplayed David Haddow in a quoiting match, 21yds., for £100, at Glasgow, Scotland, Jan. 2; score, 61 to 47.

BOOK NOTICES.

"BEAUTIFUL HOMES, OR HINTS IN HOUSE-FURNISHING," is the title of the fourth volume of "Williams' Household Series." The purpose of the book is indicated in the name—and that purpose, it may be observed, is admirably carried out. Not only are many useful hints given, but a great deal of solid information concerning the subjects treated. Profusely illustrated, written in a clear, descriptive style, and showing, on the part of the authors, both practical knowledge and a cultivated taste, the book cannot fail to prove of permanent value. It is written by Henry C. Williams and Mrs. C. S. Jones.

IN a neatly printed and elaborately illustrated little volume entitled "Fret Sawing for Pleasure and Profit," one may find a full description of the uses to which the "fret" saw may be put, together with numerous designs for carving. To the boy of a mechanical turn of mind this book will prove a veritable treasure; and it may be assumed that after reading it he will not cease to fret until his father has "seen him" for a saw.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 351.

JOHN CLARK is to quit the Criterion Theatre, London, and join the Court Company for the production of "Victims," which is to succeed "The House of Darnley."

WITH A VIEW to benefiting the Royal General Theatrical Fund, John Hollingshead has made arrangements to give at the Gaiety Theatre, London, on Feb. 13, a performance of a burlesque and pantomime, both participants in which will be the leading amateurs of the city. Messrs. Gilbert, Burnand, Reece and Byron will write the burlesque, and at least accounts half the house had been sold at fancy prices. W. S. Gilbert is to be the Harlequin.

"FATHERLAND," Henry Labouchere's version of Sardou's "Patrie," was presented at the Queen's Theatre, London, on the occasion of the reopening of that establishment Jan. 3. The cast included Herman Vezin as Duke Alva, Arthur Stirling as Count Ryssoir, E. H. Brooke as Capt. Karlier, Ethel Barry as Jonas, and Miss Henrietta Hodson as the Countess Rasoor. This is the third version of "Patrie" which has been seen in England, a former one being by W. G. Wills and called "Betrayed," and another by Mrs. S. Lane, who entitled it "Dolores."

GEORGE COBB, many years proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Eng., prior to its purchase by Henry J. Chart in 1866, died in that city Dec. 29, aged 90.

MANCHESTER, Eng., is to have a fourth theatre. The new house will be devoted to light pieces, and is intended to accommodate people enough to bring £150 into the cash-box.

J. A. CAVE met with a serious accident while on the stage of the Aquarium Theatre, London, Dec. 27, a pair of pincers falling from the "flies," striking him upon the head and producing insensibility.

Our Australian Letter.

MELBOURNE, Dec. 10, 1877.

DEAR MR. QUEEN.—Since my last to you the changes in the musical and theatrical worlds have been very various indeed. At the Theatre Royal, exit H. R. Harwood, R. E. Stewart, John Hennings and George Coppin; enter, as new lessees and managers, George Coppin, John Hennings and J. R. Greville. They inaugurated their season on the 6th of November, and have since depended on the revival of stock plays—"Paul Pry," "Not Such a Fool As He Looks," "Nine Men and Old Acres," and "Lost in London." The company has been numerically strengthened by the addition of some new people—Miss Grace Hathaway, Miss Florence Neville, Miss Ella Carrington, Miss Marion Meadway, H. H. Vincent (leading man), Sterling White (old man), and Walter Reynolds, with Miss Lottie Grahame, the latest arrival. These all hail from Old England. We have also Mr. John Owen, comedian, from Calcutta, a really genuine, first-class actor. At present the bill of fare at our Old Drury consists of the last new London novelty by James Albery—"The Pink Dominos," with the following excellent cast: Lady Maggie Waggstaffe, Miss Florence Neville; Sophia, Miss Marion Meadway; Rebecca, Miss Ella Carrington; Mrs. Josiah Tubbs, Mrs. Edouin Bryer; Miss Barron, Miss Jenny Bryce; Sir Percy Waggstaffe, F. Appleton; Charles Greythorne, H. H. Vincent; Josiah Tubbs, Sterling White; Henry, C. H. Taylor; Brisket, John Owen; Waiters, J. Ceasar and Martin Forde. The comedy has been finely played and has shown the abilities of the new company at their best; but I must say that the newcomers are not at all an improvement upon our old and tried favorites. The operetta "Love by Lantern-light" follows the comedy, and is well got through by Miss Lottie Graham, Miss Ella Carrington and C. H. Taylor, upon whom rests the brunt of the trifle. Great preparations are here being made for the production of the Christmas pantomime, which will be "The Forty Thieves," by R. L. Blanchard, which was such a great success at Drury-lane Theatre some two or three seasons ago. All the old favorites, who were then used have been imported by the Royal management for his theatre. Mr. Greville will appear as Ali Baba, but will be supported by the bulk of the company. The comic business has been placed in the hands of that clever artist and droll comedian, who will also appear as Clown, a part he has splendidly represented in the pantomime each year at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney. The clever little Rassartie is appointed ballet-master and Harlequin. Miss Rosine Rae, Mrs. Harry Sefton is mistress-de-ballet and Columbine. Some magnificent scenery is being prepared by that genial gentleman and clever scenic artist John Hennings, and also a new grand panorama of the Turko-Russian War.....The Soldene Opera-bouffe Troupe have been doing excellent business at the Opera-house, and have achieved a most legitimate success. There is a freshness about their singing and acting which is charming to listen to and look at. Miss Soldene is immense. In her style and singing she greatly reminds me of the late Lady Don. Miss Stella is a lively and sprightly actress, and has a good voice, which she knows how to use. Miss Clara Vesey is a pretty little woman, and has excellent understandings, which she knows how to bring to the best advantage. C. J. Campbell has a sweet, sympathetic voice, and has become a favorite with his audience. But what shall I say of the comedians John Valdare and Edward? They are the very best of all in their line we have ever had in this city. Of course they at once stepped into the good graces of their audience. The opening piece was "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Fille de Madame Angot" followed, then "Chilperic," and now "La Belle Poule" (Poule and Hen), and the running "Grande-Girdle" and "The Grand Duchess" will close the season. On the 19th inst. they will leave for New Zealand, intending to open at Dunedin at Christmas. At the close of their season in that city, they will visit all the principal cities in the South Island, then on to Auckland, then to Sydney again, and back to Melbourne for Easter, 1878. J. R. Macdonald, the advance agent of the troupe, has greatly assisted in the success of the undertaking. He has already initiated arrangements for their return visit to the Australian colonies. The pantomime at this house will be "The Sleeping Beauty," localized by R. P. Whitworth, in the opening of which Salsbury's Troubadours will appear in the principal parts. The comic portion has been entrusted to Mr. Wieland, who will also be the Clown; Boiena Brown, Fanaloon; Miss Leopold, Columbine; and H. Leopold, Harlequin.....William's Opera-house has now closed one of the most brilliant legitimate seasons we have had in this city for many years. At the Academy of Music he has appeared for over one hundred consecutive nights, at all times to crowded houses. During this term he has appeared in "Virginius," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "King Lear," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," "Honeymoon," "Jealous Wife," and "Katharine and Petruchio." The ladies and gentlemen who have appeared with him are the Misses Helen Ashton, Jessie and Ruth Grey, Louise Pitton, Mesdames Fitzwilliam, W. Ryan and G. B. Lewis, the clever and popular directress of the theatre; Messrs. Harris Phillips (son of the late Mrs. Alfred Phillips), W. Ryan, J. G. Joyce, Fred Thorne, H. Daniels, H. Douglas, A. Boothman, Ingles, Tasman and Forbes. The star's benefit is to last two nights, and there is not a vacant place now in the house, all being taken before the doors were opened. On Wednesday a complimentary benefit, tendered by the company to Mrs. H. B. W. Lewis, will take place. The comedy of "Masks and Faces" will be presented, with the beneficiary as Peg Woffington and J. G. Joyce as Triplet. The pantomime at this house will be presented on the 26th of Christmas, and will be introduced by the burlesque of "Robinson Crusoe"—the version lately played by Miss Lydia Thompson in America, and which has been rewarded by that lady direct to Mrs. Lewis, who will enact the part of the hero. The fanciful Mas Friday will be performed by Fred Thorne. New scenery by Louis Mesley is being provided, and all is worry and bustle behind the curtain.....The lessee and manager L. W. Lyons (husband of Mrs. Alice Gladstane) is once more in the horse. He has taken a long lease of the old Princess' Theatre, which has been thoroughly gutted, rebuilt in portions, and beautifully renovated at a cost of between £3,000 and £6,000. Mrs. Gladstane will be the directress, Signor Cattarali leader of the orchestra, and Lachlan McGowan stage manager. The theatre, under its new management, will be called "The New Princess' Theatre," and will be opened shortly before Christmas, with two grand operatic concerts, in which Miss Christian Reisy and Armes Beaumont and other artists will appear. Tom Baker and Farron are to take up the running for eighteen nights, and will appear in "Struck Oil." Farron assumes the part so gracefully played by pretty Maggie Moore. After this he acts Archibald Ramsay, Mrs. Gladstane will appear, after a too long absence from the Melbourne stage, in a round of her favorite characters, she will be supported by Charles Lyne, the American tragedian, George Coppin, who will make his re-appearance in Melbourne after his storm from England, and an excellent stock company. Every body wishes the lucky lessees every success, and I hope that under the direction of his amiable wife the Princess' may go on successfully. Leon R. Yeer, an old Melbourne favorite, is engaged for many years.....Sweet Burton's Circus, has become the lessee of the cafe tal bars. The appointment of this popular gentleman will, I am sure, give everybody satisfaction.....Sherry Corbyn's negro troupe was "busted," and the members are hard up; still they don't bless Corbyn for bringing them here and then "bolting" from them. Hicks' minstrel party are performing up country; they go to Sydney for Christmas, and then intend returning to America.....St. George's Hall is again leased by John Rainer, who is reproducing his Diorama of the American War, with Harry Stanley as lecturer and manager. Business poor.....Levy the cornet-player has in this city come down "a cropper." While on his tour in South Australia he quarreled often with his company. Miss R. Clair resented his conduct, and this caused him to write a letter to his father in Melbourne, defaming her character. The result of this was an action at Nisi, with damages laid at £1,000. When the case was about to come on for hearing, it got bruited about that it was going to make a boil of it, and an attempt was made to stop his departure. A similar attempt was made by another very prominent member of the musical profession, for breach of contract; but Levy outwitted them all, availing himself of the only loophole afforded by law. He declared himself insolvent, allegin[g] losses in connection with his South Australian and Melbourne concerts. Unfortunately, several people are involved in the great "Levy's" ruin. He left a short time ago, in disguise, and under an assumed name, in the steamer Ringarooma, and is now playing in Dunedin, supported by Miss Pitt, Signor Giorza, Signor Rosnach, and Mrs. Levy, who made a most brilliant debut at the Melbourne Town Hall some short time ago.....The Salsbury Troubadours (Mr and Mrs. John Webster, Miss Cerelli, John Gourlay, and N. Salsbury) have just returned from a very successful season at White's Rooms, Adelaide, and are now in Melbourne, taking a rest prior to Christmas.....Mrs. Scott-Siddons, with a fine stock company, is about to visit Tasmania, and then will make for New Zealand.....It is stated that our large-hearted impressario, W. Sauren Lyster, accompanied by his wife (Miss Georgia Hodson) and Armes Beaumont the tenor, will shortly pay a visit to England. CALLBOY.

MUSICAL.

MISS REBECCA ISAACS' daughter, Miss Florence Isaacs Roberts, will shortly make her appearance in the concert-room, having been for some time under the tuition of Madame Bodda Pyne.

THE PHILHARMONIC, London, is to be reopened by Chas. Head, with R. D'Oyly Carte as director. "Genevieve de Brabant" will be the attraction at the opening.

IT APPEARS now that the defunct Theatre Lyrique, Paris, has drawn no less than £18,000 from the State without the slightest claim, and that all the money has been lost. The Government very properly declined to increase the subvention, and the Theatre Lyrique therefore falls. A portion of its repertory, such as "La Statue" of Reyer, will be transferred to the Opera Comique, and the Government are trying to induce M. Koning, the director of the Renaissance, to accept a subvention of £8,000 a year to mount and perform for a certain number of nights the "Prix de Rome."

FORTY ITALIAN OPERAS were produced in 1877, not one of which had a chance of life.

FIVE PERFORMANCES each week will be given by the Grand Opera, Paris, during the Exposition.

THE SEASON of the Royal Italian Opera will commence at Covent Garden, London, April 16. Mlle. Albani and Mme. Patti will arrive in May—the former at the beginning and the latter at the close of the month.

JOHANN AND EDOUARD STRAUSS, with their famous dance band, are expected to visit Paris and London this year.

VARIETY HALLS.

ELLA WESNER closed an engagement at the Talbot Palace of Varieties, Nottingham, Eng., Jan. 5.

MISS MINNIE LODER was to have commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Colosseum, Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 7, going thence to the Gaiety, Manchester, and afterwards appearing in the metropolis. Her present intention is to return to America in August next.

THE AUSTIN AND HESS TROUPE of skaters are appearing in comic pantomime at the Foresters' Music Hall, London.

G. B. HARCOURT and Miss Kate O'Connor, Miss Ada Laurent and Harmar and Elston are performing in London.

CIRCUSES.

Letter from Australia.

One of the performers attached to Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s SHOW, now in Australia, sends us the following favorable report of the doings of the concern:

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Dec. 12, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We had a pleasant trip by rail from New York City across the Continent to San Francisco, in which city we stopped four days; then by the steamship City of Sydney we experienced another very delightful trip across the Pacific Ocean, the only accident of the voyage occurring during the run from Auckland, New Zealand, to Sydney, the machinery getting out of order and before it could be repaired we drifted for about three hours in a very rough sea. On our arrival at Sydney we found the city gayly decorated in honor of the birthday of the Prince of Wales. After two weeks of hard work on the part of the agents, Messrs. Coup and Hutchinson, five large tents and a number of small ones were erected. The main tent required two centre-poles, as it contained two rings and an outer circle for opening performance; the other four tents are for the museum, menagerie, concert and sideshow. On Monday night, Nov. 26, we opened to a full house. The opening part had very rough usage, as when a very severe thunder storm came on, which lasted about one hour. On Tuesday night a drizzling rain fell before the show opened; but, notwithstanding the rain, the house was full. On Wednesday night it rained again, though not very hard, and, as on the night previous, it had no effect upon the people, who flocked in from all directions, as nice then we have not had any rain, and overwhelming houses have been present at each performance. Matinees were unknown here until Mr. Bailey introduced them last year, and they have become quite popular with the ladies and children. Married to London, the Brazilian rider, in his carrying act with his son Tony, has created quite a sensation, being recalled nightly. Miss Loyal in his flying trapeze act has proved a good card; also Mr. Batcheler the leaper, in his double somersaults. Mlle. Cordelia, the vaulting female equestrienne, has won for herself a good reputation by her daring equitations. Mlle. De Granville, the lady with the iron jaw, has also made a good impression upon the people, and has proved one of the chief financial companies preferred. Address EDWIN STUART, Manager, Franklin, Indiana. Would like to hear from W. H. Smith and C. F. Lewis. 44-1t*

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SUCCESS! SUCCESS! SUCCESS in the Western States of W. ELMER LYLE, Female Impersonator. Callender's Georgia Minstrels. VOICE OF THE PRESS.—W. E. Lyle, Prima-donna, as the Saratoga Belle was very clever and funny in his impersonations.—CHICAGO INTEROCEAN. FORT SCOTT MONITOR: W. E. Lyle in his impersonation of a dashing belle did remarkably well, and at intervals uttered masculine tones to convince the audience that he being before them was a young man.—OMAHA DAILY BEE says: W. E. Lyle in his artistic female portraitures stands without an equal on the minstrel stage. OMAHA HERALD says the Female Impersonation of Lyle is one of the best ever given among the profession. 44-1t*

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TONY PASTOR'S OPINION: "The best sketch I ever saw you do, far superior to your 'Barney's Courtship.'"
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FOR ONE WEEK LONGER
WITH
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MR. COLVILLE
having consented to postpone the appearance of COLVILLE'S FOLLY COMPANY
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"She has recreated Camille."—ALTA. In preparation, a new drama entitled "THE DEAD SECRET." 44-1t

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RISKS.
SECOND WEEK. SECOND WEEK.
N. B.—Mr. Raymond's engagement is limited to four weeks; consequently, this is
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RISKS.
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MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
2 MAMMOTH TROUPES THIS WEEK. 2
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W. O'DALE STEVENS, LINDA JEAL
BILLY BARRY, ADD ELMAN.
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TONY PASTOR
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NO THOROUGHFARE.
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Monday, Jan. 28, MR. DAMPIER in LYONS MAIL. It

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THE LEADING UP-TOWN VARIETY THEATRE.
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235 AND 237 BOWERY,
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THEATRE OPEN
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WANTED, YOUNG

THE POETESS.

INSCRIBED TO ANNIE M. CURTIS, AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "FABE" MARTIN.

Dreaming ever, ever dreaming,
Through the dance of Summer hours,
Which are by thy dark eyes counted
On a dial of the flowers!
Would that they touched others lightly
As they touch their rosy stems,
For thee, lady, sweetly, brightly
Wearing dewy diadems.

Dreaming ever! Fairy vision
Wrapped in many hue elysian—
Dancing on like olden stories,
Shaded sometimes, then upspringing
With a thousand rainbow glories
Round and o'er it calmly winging.

Dreamest thou of beauty tender
Flourishing in martial splendor?
When the dear one heard the rattle
Of the sternly steel-clad battle,
Knowing that her image sparkled
Where the war's wild river darkled,
Lit her warrior's spirit, glowing
Still, while thousands round him perished,
Firm'ly forth defiance throwing,
As a mountain-rock, star-cherished!

Dreamest thou of lovers' twining
Heart-wreaths over altars shining,
While the passion-words are sweeping
Through thy soul like fragrant fire,
Which, of old, came redly leaping
From the Persic minstrel's lyre?
Not of these, sweet lady, dreaming!
Other thoughts, far nobler, teeming,
In thy mind so full of grace,
Throw a sunshine o'er thy face.

Not the student pondering lonely,
Wot the sages teach us only;
Voices cry from stillness—motion—
From the earth, and from the ocean,
From the starlight soft descending,
From the blue sky o'er us bending,
Ever nearing—never ending;
Even the flowers have many a word
By the multitude unheard.

These have taught thee, Star of Beauty!
Many a lesson, many a duty!
Lovely teachers never weary—
Never, with a cold world, dreary;
Still their lessons, like a tune,
Breathed soft beneath the softest moon,
Sink silently into our hearts,
Sink silently as dew on flowers,
Which with their changing petals make
A dial for a true heart's hours.

The Bachelor's Boudoir, Dowagiac, Mich.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:

A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

CHAPTER I.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

The ninth representation of "A Husband's Honor" had not attracted a very large audience at the Vaudeville Theatre (called so, perhaps, because they never played any vaudevilles there), and the house showed very decidedly the presence of that mysterious element in the atmosphere, not yet analyzed by scientists, but technically described by other people as "paper." The second gallery was crowded to suffocation, chiefly by ladies and gentlemen who refreshed themselves with acidulated drops and similar viands during the performance, and applauded far too heartily to have paid for their admission; while in the orchestra most of the seats were empty.

It may have been the fault of the piece—an adaptation of a somewhat lurid and melodramatic French work, such as we nowadays describe as a comedy. The interest was extremely tragic; there were almost as many deaths among the characters as among the dramatis personæ of "Hamlet." There was also abundance of intrigue, but it was too complex; and there was witty dialogue likewise, but French repartee upon English-speaking life is never a laughing matter. The great fault, however, was that the adapter, in transferring his people from their native locality, had been compelled to supply them with new motives for some of the extraordinary actions performed by them; and these were so rarely sufficient that them conduct, on the whole, had the aspect of madness.

There were no stars at the Vaudeville; but there was a peculiar system of rank by which the positions of the performers' names on the programme were regulated, which ingeniously did away with the customary wrangling about this important matter. The name of the Duc de Nassac stood at the head of all, notwithstanding the Duc appeared only once during the evening, and had nothing to say even then; and this same principle governed the remainder of the cast, which relegated the leading gentleman, who played a footman of the Ruy Blas type, to the last place of all. A very beautiful young lady acted the chief female character, a charming marchioness—Miss Rosalind Aylmer—a planet which had risen in the theatrical firmanent very recently, and which was one of the first brilliancy. Not a great deal was known of her past life, though she had no reason to conceal anything. It was said that she had worked in a cotton-mill, had taught school, had tried a number of pursuits, finally entering the ballet, where her talent for the stage was discovered and earnestly cultivated. In the meanwhile she had not remained single, and the "Miss" was therefore one of those allowable deceptions of the playbill, which, as we know, never deceive anybody, but are still retained. Her husband was a French gentleman—M. De Foinard—who had always taken a peculiar interest in theatrical affairs, and who had lived so long in England and the United States, and identified himself so thoroughly with the habits and ways of thinking prevalent in those countries, that he was hardly a Frenchman any longer

And now the music ceases and the curtain rises. The people in the second gallery are radiant, and applaud everything; but is there not something servile and unreal in this applause? Three gentlemen lounging in the lobby below seem to think so, and communicate this common opinion to each other in various ways. One of them, Mr. Bulmer, the manager of the Vaudeville, frowns and shakes his head, which is beautifully brushed and oiled, with a little gesture of disgust, while his friend Mr. Felix O'Grady, a journalist, laughs and pokes him slyly in the ribs.

"I see, Bulmer, my boy," he whispers, "you've begun your usual Summer renovation in advance—you've 'papered' the house already in beautiful style!"

"And to think of the money I have spent on this confounded thing!" groans Bulmer. "Look at that stage-set—every stick of furniture new—and the carpets—and three handsome candelabra, every one of which cost me twenty dollars."

"Bedad, the play is not worth the candles!" jokes Mr. O'Grady, suffocating a roar of laughter in an enormous red-silk handkerchief.

The third of this group is younger than the others, and I think you have seen few handsomer men. He has melancholy dark eyes, and is a little pale, and there is something peculiarly interesting in his face. His name is Leslie Thorne—one already known in the literary world, for he has published a successful novel or two, and has at length succeeded in having a play accepted at the Vaudeville, which is to follow the unfortunate "Husband's Honor."

The scene before them develops. There is something curiously agreeable in watching the growth of a dramatic idea in a play, even a bad one. The interest quickens, and insensibly we begin to sympathize with situations which we know have not the remotest relationship to probability. Is it this alone that absorbs the attention of Leslie Thorne? On the stage is a figure he has not seen for years. Rosalind Aylmer is there; but how changed! How beautiful she has grown! Does she remember him? She must. In the same village they grew up, and once were in love. He smiles sadly at the recollection of that romantic folly.

And now the curtain falls upon the close of the first act, and with admirable skill the interest is suspended. A radiant image lingers upon the mental retina of Leslie Thorne, and his heart beats with a thrill which, I dare say, he would be shy enough about expressing, even to himself. He feels that he would like to meet Rosalind face to face, and have a chat over old times. With what charming colors memory gilds the retrospect now!

And so, in as careless a tone as he can assume, he proposes to Mr. Bulmer a visit behind the scenes. He is not quite sure, after all, that he has any other motive than a desire to make the acquaintance of the people who are to play in his piece. Some of them, it is true, he knows already. But the green-room is a pleasanter place than the lobby; and is not that cynical rogue, Larkins, the comedian, there; and stout and good-natured Mrs. Chudleigh, who is playing the proud old Marquise to-night so cleverly?

Bulmer acquiesces; and they make their way to the region of enchantment, delightful to those who know it but little, and the dreariest spot on earth to those who are condemned to live in it perpetually. As they enter the dark corridor, and emerge a moment afterwards upon the stage, the mutation of things is once more illustrated. Alas! what a transformation is here! Where are the beautifully furnished apartments of the Duc de Nassae? Vanished is the gay throng that filled that splendid salon. Rude fellows in their shirt-sleeves are bustling about; the distracted property-man is studying his plot, and the pallid little man at the prompt-desk, stern and collected, scrutinizes his watch with the air of the Iron Duke at Waterloo.

Carefully Mr. Thorne makes his way to the greenroom. The performers do not change heir dresses for the next act, and are nearly all here, awaiting the ring-up. Busily they chat, and the pleasant voices of the ladies inkle musically. Leslie's glance travels from face to face in search of the one of which he is thinking; but it is not to be discerned. Mr. Larkins, the comedian, detects him, and, with a comic start of surprise, approaches, followed by Mrs. Chudleigh, who has also recognized the intruder.

Larkins is a small man, with extremely attenuated limbs, and a face almost beautiful in its ugliness. He wears a glossy-black dress-suit, and around his neck hangs a napkin, for he is refreshing himself with a box of oysters and an enormous cucumber pickle.

"Welcome, gentle signor; we lacked your counsel and your help to-night!" he exclaims. "Have an oyster?"

Leslie declines, and greets the stately and smiling old lady, who has also arrived. And now they ask him that inevitable question: "How is it going in front to-night?" And so they talk quietly, and I am afraid the stranger a little absently; and presently he asks who is that extremely pretty girl, who, in her outdoor dress, is sitting at the other end of the room.

"That, sir," replies Mr. Larkins, "is the sister of Miss Ada Beauville."

"Oh, I see—the lady beside her, with the great wealth of blonde hair on her head and a face like a rabbit's, is Miss Beauville," smiles Leslie.

"She does look like a rabbit, by Jove!" assents the comedian. "Hair on her head and hare in her face, eh? And such a complexion! There never was a color anywhere to equal Miss Beauville's."

"Sidney, I am ashamed of you," protests Mrs. Chudleigh. "You should not mock the lady's color."

"Madam, I don't mock it. On the contrary, I feel bound to speak with the deepest respect of rouge that costs five dollars a bottle to import," he rejoins, devouring his oysters.

"Miss Beauville is nevertheless very pretty, too," remarks Leslie. "I think I have seen something of her in other pieces, haven't I?—in burlesque, I am sure."

"You generally see a good deal of her in burlesque," retorts Larkins, for which he receives a rap of Mrs. Chudleigh's fan.

"I remember now distinctly," continues Leslie, growing a little more interested in this pleasant scene, where there is so much life, glitter and novelty. "She appeared in 'Perseus and Andromeda,' and I thought there was a great deal of dash and animation about her performance—a breezy freshness that reminded me of the wind blowing through the trees in Spring."

"My dear fellow, don't compare that young lady to a tree."

"Why not?"

"Well, a tree never appears to advantage with bare limbs, while Miss Beauville ——"

Mrs. Chudleigh charges upon the scoffer, and in self-defense he takes refuge behind Leslie, and peeps cautiously over his shoulder at the red face of his assailant.

"Upon my word, Sidney," says Mrs. Chudleigh, a little out of breath, and fanning herself; "you never have a good word for anyone. You make it a practice to bitterly abuse the profession which puts bread and but—or—rather, I should say, oysters and pickles—into your mouth."

"Well," he answers ruefully, "if it puts pickles in my mouth, how can I help feeling sour?"

Leslie feels a hand upon his shoulder, and the broad patois of Mr. O'Grady booms in his ear.

"Me boy, if you wish an introduction to Miss Alymer, now is your chance. She is not on in the next act."

"Happily, an introduction I do not need," replies Mr. Thorne, turning. "Let go."

He retreats, with a smiling nod to the comedian and the Marquise, and follows stout Mr. O'Grady into the corridor again, and presently down a stairway that leads beneath the stage. They enter a very pretty apartment, furnished as a parlor, with crimson damask. Folding-doors cut it off from an adjoining room, from which in a moment emerges a very bright vision—Rosalind Aylmer.

A mist seems to have grown up around Leslie as he takes her proffered hand, through which he sees a beautiful pale face—much altered, perhaps, in many things, but still vividly remembered. Sad and careworn are the eyes that meet his, and in the voice that greets him there is a sweet, melancholy music which penetrates him.

"Why did you not come to see me before?" she asks. "Was it neglect, or simply indifference? Now that you are growing to be a great author, Leslie, I suppose you don't care for the old times."

"How can you say so, Rose?" he answers reproachfully. "The old times will always be the best with me. How well you are looking!"

"Do you think so?" she exclaims, pleased.

"Quite the same—not the least changed, except for the better," he replies, with the sad self-consciousness that he is telling an untruth.

Beautiful as ever she is; but is she also as happy?

"Yes; the old times were the best," she says, a little downcast and smiling. "Do you remember those pretty nights in the country, where we used to sit under Harold's oak and watch the stars rise, and tell each other what we would do if we were rich?"

"Do I not? And Thundergust Branch—surely you have not forgotten—how I used to carry you across in my arms when it was swollen by the rains?"

"O Leslie, I remember it all! And Music, the hound—how we used to take him out on a raft and toss him overboard, poor fellow!"

"It comes back to me as if it were yesterday; and just think what changes! And you are married, Rose; and don't you know you were to have married me, and gave me a pansy as a pledge? Now your pansy, I dare say, is gone; but you will laugh when you hear that I have mine yet."

"How foolish!" She blushes a little. "Have you met my husband? That s he with Mr. O'Grady."

For the first time Leslie observes the gentleman whom Mr. O'Grady has buttonholed and imprisoned in the corner. Rose beckons, and he breaks loose and approaches, and Leslie is introduced to M. Foinard, of whom he has heard so much. M. Foinard is over forty, but might pass for thirty-five, even among the discerning. A little foppishly he is attired, and on close examination it is evident that his face is made up to that extent which may be permitted to one who affects a tasteful dandyism. One is not quite sure about the reality of that extremely glossy and dark hair he wears. Is there not also a suspicion of the employment elsewhere of those clever appliances of art which sometimes are used to conceal the ravages of care and time? His figure is perfect—erect and graceful; and, as he smiles when he takes Leslie's hand, his parted lips disclose a set of teeth remarkably good, as they ought to be, if we consider the price they must have cost. Can Rose Aylmer have married this man for love? He is handsome, and a gentleman; and in his appearance and air there is elegance and refinement; but is this the ideal of a woman with a soul? Leslie meets him with a little inward shock, in spite of himself. And now pleasantly they talk that small gossip of the theatrical world in which there is so little, and yet so much, and Mr. Thorne's new play is discussed.

"The public are tired of emotional comedy from the French," remarks M. Foinard oracularly. "The analysis of the human heart—that dissection of its impulses and motives, with a pen, in the lurid glare of the footlights—seems to me a morbid taste after all. People want to get out of the Morgue, into the open air."

"Well," replies Leslie, "they will have abundant opportunity in my piece—the greater part of the action passes in the streets, and I have baptized the drama 'Broadway.' What do you think of it?"

"Admirable! People will go to see 'Broadway' on the stage, and pay for the privilege, who take no interest in the real Broadway, which they may see for nothing. I introduced a real street-vender in a drama of mine once—a poor devil who was accustomed to bawl on the corner every night for hours, without being able to get anyone to listen to him; but the moment he appeared as a sham vender on the boards the public rushed in flocks, and were glad to pay a dollar apiece."

And so on they chatted, and Leslie found Rose's husband amusing and clever, and began to think a little better of him. And now came the callboy with his summons for Miss Aylmer, and the visitors took leave.

Once more in the audience, Leslie found it impossible to follow the performance with the same interest as before, except when Rose was on the stage, and even then he hardly listened to what she was saying. The memory of their brief reunion in the dressing-room still lingered, and he went over and over again in his mind the few sentences they had exchanged. He was growing foolish, and he knew it. He tried to think of other things—tried to absorb himself in the learned conversation of his friend O'Grady, who was eloquent now upon one of his hobbies—that the Germans are utterly wanting in the dramatic faculty, which had somehow come up, apropos of nothing—but the journalist's argument proved a profound bore; and Mr. O'Grady, presently perceiving this, and marking the imminent and final fall of the curtain upon "A Husband's Honor," said:

"Bedad, you're as dull as a dormouse, me boy, and I think I know the society that'll suit ye. Let us pay a visit to the Melancholy Club. They hold a symposium to-night."

To this Leslie with indifference assented.

CHAPTER II.—THE MELANCHOLY CLUB.

The "Melancholy Club" can hardly be described as an organization. It had no regular officers, being composed essentially of irregular people, who met once a week at a pleasant hostelrie, and went through the mournful business which called them together. This was chiefly eating and drinking, speechifying and roaring with laughter. Anybody might drop in who pleased—no introduction was necessary—and in consequence the room on club nights was always crowded.

When Leslie Thorne and Mr. O'Grady arrived, which was about midnight, the body was in full session. The atmosphere was dense with tobacco smoke and redolent of spirits and beer, and the confusion like that of Babel. Here were all sorts of people—journalists, painters, authors, actors, and men about town—young, old, and of almost every nationality.

Mr. O'Grady, as one of the editors of *The Tripod*—that famous journal of world-wide circulation, whose opinions may be said to be in everybody's mouth, from the fact that those opinions comprise in one week everybody's changing with the daily rise of the sun—was acquainted with nearly all present, and, as he entered, was received with a shout, which interrupted a gentleman who was delivering a speech from the other end of the table. He bowed with solemn and exaggerated politeness, and accepted, as also did Leslie, a glass of beer, with which to drink the health about to be proposed.

"Give Mr. O'Grady water," protested the orator, who was earnestly delivering a temperance address, this week being one of his periodical attacks of sobriety, during which he was not responsible for his language and actions. "My friend, Mr. O'Grady, to my knowledge, is a practical advocate of total abstinence."

"O'Grady drinks like a fish!" roared a gentleman with light curly hair and blue eyes, and the voice of a buffalo.

"More like a whale," said another. "He has been a hard drinker all his life—from his earliest infancy."

"That's true," said O'Grady. "My nurse brought me up on the bottle!"

And, without waiting for the toast, he drained his tankard, and called for another, amid violent explosions of hilarity from all quarters.

The cold-water apostle proceeded with his address, while Leslie studied the faces of the merry crew around them. Among these persons were many notabilities whom O'Grady proceeded to point out one by one, with descriptive remarks upon each. There was Mr. Sammy Spring, the famous dramatic critic, known also as a poet. Very much admired were his elaborate critiques in *The Forum*, resembling in style to some extent those of Hazlitt. Mr. Spring was the bosom friend of all the famous actors of the day, and had christened his children after them. There was also Mr. Limpet, the critic of *The Oracle*, who, having lost hope in the future of dramatic literature, had tried his own mighty hand at helping it along, by writing a play. The play had not succeeded, owing to the vitiated taste of the times, and the spite of an actress who, by bad acting, had deliberately ruined it. In the same neighborhood sat the famous Western poet and story-writer, Mr. Lynn Chilton, whose secret in his art was a judicious use of the rough and the pathetic, which, however, confined him to the employment of a catastrophe always the same—namely, death. On the opposite side was in evidence the solemn countenance of the distinguished humorist, Mr. Wogsby, whose own name had been forever swallowed up in his nom-de-plume.

"But who is that peculiar-looking person with the heightened chin, a head built like Shakespeare's—if we are to believe the portraits—the shrewd, Irish eyes, and the gold eyeglasses?" asked Leslie.

"That?" echoed O'Grady "Drink this and I'll tell you. You nade something to enliven you." And so, when Leslie had obliged him, he said: "That, sir, is a countryman of my own, and one of the most gifted of men. I must introduce you."

He took Leslie across and presented him to the illustrious person indicated, as the author of the new play announced at the Vaudeville.

"And if I may say so," added O'Grady, "a confrere."

This is how Leslie was made acquainted with one of whom he had all his life heard a great deal, and whom many a time he had longed to know—Clinton Buzenval.

"A local name, isn't it?" said Mr. Buzenval, scrutinizing the young man through his glistening spectacles. "Something in the nature, I infer, of my 'Lanes of Ludgate,' which I wrote in three days, and which ran two hundred nights at the London Adelphi. You have seen the piece, I presume—it has been localized for this latitude; I did it myself."

"Oh, yes," answered Leslie; "I remember it very well. There was another version of the same play produced at the London Parthenon, I think, under the title of 'The Hovels of Holborn,' by Mr. Pottleton Pence."

"Another version?" said Mr. Buzenval musingly, apparently a little puzzled. "I don't think I quite understand you."

"I mean an adaptation of the same original, which was, I believe, a French play—'The Lost Tribes of Paris,'" explained Leslie.

"My dear sir, I don't remember ever having heard of such a piece," said Mr. Buzenval, seemingly trying to recollect. "My drama was entirely original with me. Stop! I *do* recall there was a play in Paris by the title you speak of; but it was not at all like mine. No, indeed; for, in fact, I insisted upon having both pieces presented at the Adelphi on the same night for the public themselves to judge, although it was never done. No, sir, my work was entirely my own, just the same as my 'Bold Boy of Killshelalie,' and the other compositions I have put before the public, now nearly seven hundred in number."

Leslie heard this statement with a certain inward surprise, which he, however, did not display; for he remembered vividly reading and hearing many times that Buzenval was a French scholar, and was supposed to have found the material for most of his works in the rich dramatic mines of Maquet, Dumas, Feuillet and other famous originals. Indeed an epigrammatist had said once: "If Mr. Buzenval wanted half a crown, he would borrow it from the French." But all this must have been mere spiteful gossip, the young man now concluded, and in a somewhat apologetic tone he said:

"Literary coincidences are a common thing, and plagiarism a crime of which any writer may be accused. Two people in treating the same subject must naturally have in part the same ideas; and yet the critics accuse them of stealing from each other, and each side has its champions. It is not the same with people of other pursuits. Two astronomers claim the discovery of the planet Neptune; but there is no vulgar wrangling about to whom belongs the actual credit. Both get it."

"True, sir," assented Mr. Clinton Buzenval warmly. "Those are my views exactly. You would, perhaps, hardly believe it; but *I* have actually been accused of plagiarism, and more than once!"

"Is it possible?" said Leslie, trying to seem more surprised than, we need hardly say, he was.

"Absolutely a fact. But why? Simply because, once or twice in the course of my labors, I have adapted and put to good use an idea that had been misued by someone before me. Shakespeare did the same thing. Sir, a dramatic situation is a diamond; and when I find a diamond badly set, and showing nothing of its beauty, I should feel myself unworthy of the name of a being with artistic sense if I did not put it in a setting appropriate to its worth."

"Are you engaged on anything new at present, Mr. Buzenval?"

"I am always busy, though people say they don't know when I do my work, for I always appear at leisure. By the way, you remember there was a similar saying about Sheridan. This morning I finished a new romantic drama which I began on the day before yesterday—five acts and twelve tableaux," said the dramatist carelessly.

"Indeed! That is quick work, isn't it? I suppose you have found a capital title for the play—you always do."

"Yes," said Mr. Buzenval, raising his head and staring Leslie hard in the face. "I think I may say a splendid title—striking and original. I call the drama 'A Strange Story.'"

"Why," said Leslie, feeling a little uncomfortable, "there is a work of fiction by Bulwer Lytton of that title, isn't there?"

"Indeed! I was not aware," said the dramatist thoughtfully.

"I am confident of it—ah—in fact, I've read it."

"Well, if there is a book by that title the fault is Lord Lytton's, not mine. My play, I anticipate, will be one of the greatest successes of my career, probably surpassing my 'Connemara Caileen,' which has been played ten thousand times in the British possessions and the United States, and has netted me a quarter of a million of dollars. It is rather a curious reminiscence," added Mr. Buzenval, smiling complacantly: "that I wrote it in two days and a half."

Leslie could have listened much longer to the conversation of this celebrated man; but at this point there was a lull in the room. The famous humorist Mr. Wogsby, or, as he was more generally known, "Perry Style," had risen to his feet to respond to his health, which had been proposed by the gentleman who, in the same connection, made the temperance address.

"Perry Style" was famous for his postprandial oratory. A great deal of the humorous effect was due to his manner. While he delivered his jokes in a very drawling tone, his countenance wore an expression of blank immobility that convulsed his hearers, and the more those around him laughed, the more solemn he became. At each fresh explosion he looked hurt and grieved, until the end was reached, and he sat down, apparently on the point of bursting into tears.

"I thank my honorable friend," drawled Mr. Style, amid breathless and expectant silence, "for the honor he has done me in coupling my name with the toast he has offered. His sentiments upon the subject of temperance accord with my own exactly. For years I have not touched anything stronger than—whiskey. [Laughter.] I have now forgotten an incident that happened in my youth, and the warning my favorite uncle gave me. One day as I entered his house I noticed a bottle of brandy on the table. It was an ordinary bottle, and I saw, when I took it up, that it held about a pint. It only held about half a pint when I put it down again. [Laughter.] *I* held the other half a pint. [Violent laughter.] In a few minutes I was very ill. I seemed to have swallowed an earthquake. My uncle, who was one of the most amiable of men, inquired the cause of my indisposition, and when I informed him that I had tasted the contents of the black bottle he smiled. It was a broad smile, and reminded me of an aligator's. He said: 'Let us reason calmly upon this subject—let there be no excitement—let us discuss the question from a liberal and enlightened point of view, without prejudice,' and with these noble and characteristic sentiments, he reached for a small green cowhide on the mantelpiece. In a few minutes his arguments prevailed, and I agreed with him cordially upon every point. Then said he: 'Nephew, this be a lesson to you, while you live, upon the subject of temperance. You made a mistake. That stuff you drank was rat-poison.' Imagine my horror. From that instant I made a resolution, which I have faithfully kept—never since that time have I touched rat-poison."

The humorist concluded amid a burst of uproarious laughter, and resumed his seat. The fun grew fast and furious from this point, and Leslie speedily made the acquaintance of nearly everyone in the room. Other toasts were given and responded to, and once Mr. O'Grady proposed his own name. The mere idea of such a thing, when he first appeared in the room, would have appalled the young man; but now he felt much more courageous, and responded without the least embarrassment, and so successfully that even Mr. Buzenval, who was a rather reserved gentleman usually, congratulated him.

Altogether, this seemed to Leslie the jolliest night he had spent in his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MUSES.

In conscious pride, Caliope
The chiefest of the storied band,
Sits with a scroll upon her knee;
Majestic, beautiful and grand.
The lover who would win her heart
Must woo her with a master's art.

No puny poet may know her charms—
No dreamer of mere fancy's dreams—
Heroic deeds, war's wild alarms,
And battles fierce, these are her themes.
The wreaths of laurel round her fling,
Who taught blind Homer how to sing!

More stern than all thy sisters, thou,
Melpomene, art musing still,
With mask upraised and thoughtful brow,
Whereon we read thine iron will.
'Tis meet that thou shouldst sit and brood,
Whom Æschylus and Shakespeare woed;

The sword thou clutchest in thy hand
Is but the symbol of thy power—
O mournful muse! austere and grand,
I fancy that at some dark hour
We all must turn and bow to thee
Whose lives have each its tragedy.

WIT OF THE DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

THE DIVINE WILLIAM.—"My dear, what are you reading?" asked Mrs. Pierpont on entering the sitting-room. "Shakespeare, Aunt Sarah," answered niece Maria, looking up from the large volume. "Well, I never read big books much myself nowadays, but in my time I was the most powerful reader I ever knew. I never missed 'Ayres' Almanac' for twenty years, and we took it as regularly in our family as we did his pills. Then there was 'The Book of Martyrs,' 'The Pirate's Own Book,' an' all them. I was well read when I was a gal. Is Shakespeare interesting, dear, and does it remind you of Buffalo Bill?" "Shakespeare is noble, grand, sublime. It makes me soar!" exclaimed Maria enthusiastically. "It does?" returned Sarah Pierpont. "Well, if it makes you *sore*, you had better stop reading it."

AFTER PUNCH.—A car-conductor, on being arrested for drunkenness, attributed his intoxication to "too much *punch*."

THE AMATEUR.—A newly-wedded wife, excusing herself to her guests, said: "You mustn't expect too much of me, for I am only an amateur."

PLAY ON PLAYS.—"Forbidden Fruit"—Sour grapes. "The Mother's Secret"—Her eldest daughter's age. "The Black Band"—A nigger baby-show.

FLOWERY.—*She:* Are you fond of flowers? *He:* Yes; but I prefer wheat to rye.

"A MATTER OF TIME ONLY."—Miss *Minnette* Thompson has been playing *seconds* to John E. Owens.

ARTISTIC.—The sculptor alone improves his condition by frequent *busts*.

"THE WHISTLING THIEF."—Sarah Pierpont got hold of the last issue of Maria's husband's CLIPPER, and a paragraph about Harry Brown, "The Whistling Thief," having caught her eye, she read it aloud, and exclaimed: "Well, there! who ever heard of a thief whistling before? He'd better keep his mouth shut, if he don't want to get caught." And, having thus relieved herself, she tugged to Maria's better-half, and asked: "What do you suppose makes him whistle?" The reply was given with promptness: "To keep his courage up."

IN AND OUT.—The man who builds too large an *inn* is bound to be *out*.

EVANGELICAL.—English missionaries are going to the Congo. They *congo*, if they want to.

MATCH THIS.—'Matches are made in heaven." That accounts for your never finding a match when you are in need of one.

ON TIME.—Mr. Day took to wife Miss Knight. They are now waiting for son rise.

SONG FOR GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN—"Peanuts, peanuts."

THE HORSE-STAR.—Uncle Charles Castle the circus-agent is an exacting critic in regard to the proper presentation of horse pieces, and has had his hand in bygone days in many a spectacular representation, when Foster was wont to electrify theatre-goers with his magnificent dramas. While he was witnessing the representation of "Dick Turpin on Horseback" in a Southern theatre, an acquaintance, dropping into an adjoining chair in the parquet, asked: "Uncle Charles, what do you think of the *star?*" The veteran answered: "The horse, sir? The *horse* is immense."

THE CIRCUS.—*Doorkeeper:* That boy is too old for a quarter; I want fifty cents for him. *Boy's Parent:* Quarter's nuff for him. His mother was a Price, and that makes him *half price*. *Doorkeeper:* Our clown is engaged for the season. You will have to go back to the ticket-wagon.

A WELSH RARE-BIT.—A circus-proprietor residing in New York, and not traveling with his company, required his press-agent to send him copies of all papers in which his advertisement was inserted. On receiving a copy of a Welsh paper published at Utica, New York, he turned it over and over, scrutinized its peculiar typography closely, and, laying it down, exclaimed with disgust: "Everyone drinking in that office."

ON A STRING.—Uncle Charles Castle tells a characteristic anecdote of the eccentric "Governor" Dow, a sporting-man who inhabited the "Crescent City of the Mississippi" in the long-time-ago. The "Governor" came North in rather an impecunious condition, and, besides being seedy, wore no strings in his shoes. "One of the boys," to quiz the old fellow, asked: "How is it you have no strings in your shoes?" "I come, sir," exclaimed Dow with dignity, "from the Mississippi River, where it is necessary that all travelers on its fast boats should be ready at a moment's warning to swim for their lives."

THE MAN WHO STUTTERS.—We have heard of a stutterer who chewed up his words so that he couldn't tell what he said himself. Possibly this is an exaggeration. We have known stutterers who were good singers and had taken creditable part in the rendering of a song in the first-part. Jerry Hopper the clever old-time-still performer often finds it difficult to express himself out of the ring, while in it he is as voluble and ready a speaker as an old woman at a quilting. One day, last Summer, while chatting with Jerry aforesaid in the dressing-room, he found unusual difficulty in expressing himself, and at last in vexation exclaimed: "Confound it! Wait till I go in the ring, and I'll tell you all about it."

THE MINSTRELS.—*Tambo:* When is a sugar-planter like Adam? *Interlocutor:* When he has a pair of dice lost. *Bones:* I'd gamble that was right. *Tambo:* A sugar-planter is like Adam when he is *Abel* to raise *Cane*. Mr. Tenori sings "Let the dead and beautiful rest."

WHO? A COMEDY.—*Manager:* I make the theatre pay. *Advertiser:* It is the advertising that does it. *Star:* I draw the money. *The Author:* It is the piece. *The Critic:* To me and me alone they owe their success. *The Bill-poster:* It's like bills does it. *The Editor:* They might as well close their theatre as to take their advertisement out of my paper. *The Man who Pays:* I am the man. Exit manager, who returns bearing a play card: "The free-list positively suspended." A procession of Deadheads, weeping and in mourning, enter, cross the stage, and exit to slow music.

BEE.—Jack Tar came in over the bar, got half-seas-over, and went under the bar.

A SHORT SERMON.—A minister has been detected in preaching other people's sermons, and his "beloved hearers" and the newspapers find fault about it. As for ourselves, we cannot but applaud his judgment, and wonder why they don't see it in the same light.

BURNT CORK.—*Bones:* Most erudite friend, if you was hungry, what country would you prefer? *Interlocutor:* Hungary. *Bones:* No, you would be as hungry as you were before. Give me Turkey when I'm hungry. *Interlocutor:* Turkey, man; your eyes are larger than your appetite. *Bones:* Never fear; I manage to gobbler.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE BAR ROOM.—Man behind the bar asks customer: "As You Like It?" Customer in front of the bar responds: "Measure for Measure." And barkeeper serves him with "half-and-half."

THE WALKING LADY.—"I think you had better begin as a walking-lady," is the experienced manager's advice to a neophyte who is ambitious to appear in a "star" role. "Oh, I couldn't think of it; I keep a carriage."

THE WRESTLER.—The winner of a $5,000 wrestling-match, after securing the honors of the night, walked into an adjoining saloon for refreshment, and then a man not half his size "threw him for the drinks."

VERY GRAVE.—"See that my grave's kept green," she warbled. "I'll do it," he responded with warmth, "if I have to paint it myself."

A BAD LAY.—A fair contributor sent in a poetical contribution without a title, so the brute of an editor headed it "The Lay of a Hen." It proved a "bad egg for him."

P. AND O. P.—Prompt men outside of a theatre, but *prompter* in.

BUSINESS.—A wag, on leaving a theatre, was asked: "How's business?" "Illuminated," he replied. "Colored?" continued the querist. "No; light."

"A VERY LITTLE OF IT GOES A GOOD WAYS."—Tom Thumb has traveled all over the world.

"THE POOR OF NEW YORK."—"Father, what is 'outdoor relief for the poor' that I read of in the paper?" "Why, I suppose, when the poor call, they *keep them outdoors*."

WON AT LAST.—A shoemaker's wages.

PRECONCERTED.—The enjoyment at dime-concerts is in-tens.

AN OATH.—Bank and insurance officers do the *false* swearing, and the depositors and policyholders do the *real* swearing.

FASHION.—A young lady, attacked by a wild steer, had her dress cut *goreing*.

NOT CUSTOMARY.—Politicians "out in the cold" are constantly asking for a "clean sweep in the Custom-house." Wouldn't it be as well, for a change, to have a "clean sweep in the streets?"

OVER THERE.—Because a Viscount is playing in a music-hall in London, it does not follow that the balance are of no account.

THE POOR PLAYER.—Many players have returned to town on account of a "*combination* of circumstances."

OUR STUDENTS.—*Miss Blossom:* Are not your exercises fatiguing? *Collegiate:* Aw, yes; football and boating particularly.

THAT ——COMPOSITOR.—The typo made a critic say that an actress was "fragrantly ill-dressed," whereas he wrote "flagrantly," and thereby he got himself into bad odor.

THE VIRTUE OF ADVERTISING.—A party advertised for "canvassers." Three circus canvasmen applied.

Uncle Moses.

Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday-school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Ordah! Chillen, ordah! Don't yer heah me, chillen? Little Jim Lumpkins, dere, heah dat talking like a cunsterble on 'lection day."

When Jimmie ceased his conversation the chief executive resumed:

"I calls de detenshun ob de school ter der way youse been a carryin'-on dis bressed day. Wot yer bin a doin'? Yes knows! An' de way yer tongues is a buln carrusca'in is scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pulled the black chin forward.

"Now, I puts it ter yer, an' do you all lissen, an' you, too, Lize Millins, I ax yer dis question: How menny eyes you chillens got?"

Chorus.—"Two."

"How menny mouves yer got?"

Unanimously.—"One."

"Wat does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice as much es yer tells. Now, how menny yeres yer got?"

Chorus.—"Two."

"An' how menny mouves?"

"One."

"Dat means yer mus' heah twice as much as yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers 'round 'fore we jines in pra'r."—*Memphis Avalanche.*

THE "KISS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THEO. S. DOBBS.

A kiss is indeed a most wonderful thing,
A something we cannot express;
To our hearts either sorrow or joy it may bring,
That plain, simple form of caress:
Sorrow, when with a dear friend we must part,
With one whose long absence we'll miss;
Joy, when pressed close to a dear loving heart—
Our feelings are told with a kiss.

The kiss of a mother only infancy knows
In all its deep feeling and love;
But through childhood and youth it increases and grows,
With a power that comes from above.
But 'tis only in manhood that we ever can find
The height and perfection of bliss—
Two dear loving souls, with one thought, with one mind,
Meet each other in a rapturous kiss.

But in billiards a "kiss" is a different thing—
As one who much plays the game can swear,
A kiss to the player no pleasure doth bring,
It brings only trouble and care:
His best calculations are often destroyed,
His chance of success runs amiss,
And at least he finds himself sorely annoyed
By the unlooked-for, miserable "kiss."

Like billiards, each life is at best but a game,
Where a great deal depends on our skill;
With each one to win is the object and aim,
Though with many the work is up-hill.
With the World for a table, and Hope for a cue,
We play on without making a "miss;"
But success only comes to the fortunate few—
The most of us lose by a "kiss."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HOLM VAN EST.

PART I.

So many feet that day by day
Still wander from the fold astray.—GOLDEN LEGEND.

While taking a pleasure trip in the Summer of 186–, I stopped for a few days' sojourn in the small but attractive inland town of Edgecombe. After a night's repose I wandered forth at an early hour to indulge in a pleasant ramble in the suburbs of the town; and when returning through one of its finest thoroughfares to my hotel, my attention was attracted by signs and sounds of an exciting nature a short distance in advance of me.

I hurried my pace somewhat, and when in front of a pretty white cottage, whose Gothic beauties were garlanded with flowers, a shriek—the wild scream of a woman—broke on the still morning air, and a white-robed figure sped like a flash of light through the open door, and struck against me with such violence that I only retained my position by a sudden, firm grasp of the slender figure

GO!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"The rosy light has vanished; in the pale gray
My foolish dream has ended. Go your way!

"You pinned a red rose over my poor heart!
Love, like that rose, has withered—we must part!

"Sorrow remains with me. Love was for a day;
Wide is the world before you. Go your way!"

Over her prostrate form he wildly bent,
Took out his 'kerchief—blew his nose—and went.

J. H. B.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life that nothing would induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season; and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for their reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horse-dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was £120; but I was neither in a humor nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Cheri's Autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Ponthieu, and purchased at a venture eight horses, which cost me altogether £200.

"Out of the eight," I said to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among these horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was: "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well-broken." It was a large, dappled-gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth white skin dappled over with fine black spots so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leaned his head on one side as if to hear me, and, when I had finished speaking, replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country, in order to make his acquaintance.

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled, and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein, arching his neck and champing his bit. His paces were perfect; he began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high, and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in grand style.

"Ah," said I, "I see how it is: I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding-school at Saumur."

I was about to turn homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot, be it said, *en passant*, he afterwards received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long green roads met. On hearing the shot Brutus pricked short, and put his ears forward in an attitude of attention. I was surprised to see him so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding-whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be dispirited; and if he do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move, the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying as plainly as he could without speech: "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Cheri has sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way?" I was about to proceed to extremities and administer to him a good thrashing, when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound, as I thought I had gotten my point, and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short, and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage, and my riding-whip entered into play; I took it in both hands, and struck the horse on the right and left. But Brutus, full of patience, and, finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking, and plunging; and in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Brutus, nevertheless, found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was to be nothing gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his forelegs with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was consequently deposited upon the sand, which fortunately happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face towards the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat down; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head, and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite at my heart's ease, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently interred, Brutus knelt by my grave, and then galloped round me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but seeing me which began to be saturated from me in my fall, he took it between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of my sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me, and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself, and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony-chaise—and in the pony-chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after Brutus arrived covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty; I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations; I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment:

"Madame De Noriolis!"

"Monsieur de la Roche Targe!"

I have an aunt between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute.

"Marry," she would say.

"I will not," was my answer.

"Would you have a young lady? There are Miss A, Miss B, Miss C."

"But I won't marry."

"Then take a widow; there are Mrs. D, Mrs. E, Mrs. F," etc.

"But marry I will not."

Madame De Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary; but after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived, and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targe joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at. "Eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! a fine chance for a sportsman." But I would shut my eyes, and repeat as before: "I will never marry." Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Madame De Noriolis, and always saw her head encircled with an aureole of my aunt's red lining. Charming, sensible, talented, and eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! Escape for your safety if you will not marry.

And I always did escape; but this time retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters, and my leg stiff.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Madame De Noriolis. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not much hurt?"

"No; but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse that has played you this trick?"

I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of the broom.

"How? It is him, the good horse! He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I cannot move a step."

"But I am going to drive you home at the risk of compromising you."

And calling her little groom, Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into her carriage. Five minutes afterwards we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand; I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Madame De Noriolis, "and I will drive you very gently, to avoid jolting." When she saw me comfortably installed, "Tell me," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance."

I began my story, but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all," she exclaimed; "you have bought the trumpeter's horse."

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes, that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice—the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then come the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls; and, as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

"Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colors, that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried off."

"Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandiere—the vivandiere of to-day being your humble servant the Countess De Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my court-yard, where I was standing on the door-steps, putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he escapes their pursuit, goes straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him; but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round, and looks at me. I felt sure he was calling me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages; but I follow him, and arrive where I find you."

At the moment Madame De Noriolis had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore-feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route; trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame De Noriolis was so frightened she let the reins escape from her hands and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right I supported Madame De Noriolis, my leg all the time causing me most frightful torture.

In this manner Madame De Noriolis made her entry into La Roche Targe. When she returned there, six weeks later, she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life!" she exclaimed. "This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpter's horse."—*London Society.*

FOREIGN DRAMATIC and OPERATIC NOVELTIES

"LA BELLE MADAME DONIS," a four-act drama by Edmond Goudinet and Hector Malot, has been produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris.

The scene is laid at Bordeaux, where a certain Comte De St. Austerberthe, an individual in the sixtieth year, has taken up his quarters, and where he is endeavoring by a great engineering scheme to rehabilitate a fortune seriously compromised by his love of pleasure. The undertaking of which he is the head has for object to canalize the Gironde district, and the engineer in charge of the enterprise is a certain man of talent named Philippe Heyrem. It is evident, from a glance at the tasteful and luxurious furniture which the Count's apartment contains, that he has not yet relinquished his old extravagant weaknesses, among which gallantry and gaiety were conspicuous. He has a son, a precious specimen of the vibrion class, Agenor, Vicomte De St. Austerberthe, who is now about to marry Marthe, a charming young lady, and, moreover, ruined scapegrace. This scamp has come to the conclusion that a rich marriage offers the only chance of restoring him to the full enjoyment of the pleasant life in Paris, and he has accordingly fixed his choice on Mlle. Marthe Donis, the daughter by his first marriage of one of the wealthiest shipowners at Bordeaux. Agenor had built many of his castles in the air on his father's position in Bordelais society, and, besides, the reputation which had gone before him as one of the most notorious of fast livers in Paris would, he felt sure, open for him the doors of the fashionable world at Bordeaux. In this he is not disappointed. He is acclaimed by one or two of the leaders of society as a most desirable match in all the vices of "high life," whose exploits on the turf and in the coulisses of the capital have been celebrated by all the sporting and scandal-mongering organs of the press, at once gains complete mastery over the prefect's wife, Madame De Cheylus, a personage of great consequence, notwithstanding her rather equivocal antecedents and liabilities, and Agenor reckons a good deal on this lady's influence in his behalf with Monsieur Donis. To be brief, he succeeds by his tact and insinuating manners in winning half his battle, for he contrives before long to make himself quite a favorite with the wealthy shipowner. But the consent of the father is not sufficient. Mlle. Marthe's hand, for he finds out that he must also acquire that amiable young lady's affection, and, what is more, must obtain the assent of Marthe's stepmother, who has the most absolute mastery over her husband. This lady, who is generally known as the "beautiful Madame Donis," is held in universal esteem. She is a woman of most agreeable manners and cordial hospitality, and of the highest order of unsuspicion on her name. Her virtue is as remarkable as her beauty. Madame Donis fathomed the true character of the Vicomte at their first meeting, but for Marthe, she has bestowed her affections on Philippe Heyrem, the talented young engineer already mentioned. Agenor De St. Austerberthe, who has formed a low opinion of the income before his project can prosper—the stepmother and his intended bride. With Marthe's affection he does not concern himself, but the opposition of the stepmother must be removed at any cost. He is ruminating over the strategy to be employed, when luck favors him. The ladies' maid in Madame Donis' confidence, and in the service of one of his cast-off mistresses, and this girl reveals to him a hundred petty details which put the Vicomte on the scent of a big secret. He observes that Madame Donis writes frequently to a certain Madame Albanel, whom nobody had ever clapped eyes on, and whom nobody knows. Madame Donis has, besides, a habit of taking her meals in the morning-room on a table which is so placed opposite a glass that she can see every person who enters her room without turning her head. The cunning vibrion suspects that the correspondence so this must be inspired by some motive of concealment, and before long he has discovered that the virtuous lady has a lover in the person of Philippe Heyrem. Dear Madame Albanel," while the sofa has been dexterously placed opposite the mirror to save her from any possible surprise. The Vicomte does not hesitate a moment as to his line of campaign. He gains possession of one of the letters from the lover, which he contrives to replace by another with it, threatens to expose Madame Donis to her husband if she does not consent to his marriage with Marthe. The wretched woman at first resists. It would be an odious action on her part to ruin her stepdaughter by sacrificing her to such a worthless scoundrel; but reflection brings different counsels, and she sees the consequence of her refusal—to ruin herself and Heyrem in the husband who had rendered her rich and had raised her to high social position. Her mind becomes so distracted by the terrible nature of the crisis that she ultimately yields to the Vicomte's dastardly menaces. Marthe on her side also begins by revolting and struggling against the fate prepared for her, but Agenor's villainous strategy of the Vicomte she comes to discover the fatal secret of her stepmother's shame, and, rather than plunge her father into the despair which such a revelation would entail, she consents to give her hand to Agenor. At the end Madame Donis, brought back to a last sense of duty by the heroic devotedness of the young girl, tortured in her conscience by remorse for the terrible consequences which her fault is about to bring down on Marthe, and overcome by the spectacle of despair to which the girl will become a victim, takes a course which disarms the crafty Vicomte and renders all his hideous plot abortive. She poisons herself, and M. Donis, yielding to her urgent dying request, consents to Marthe's marriage with Philippe. The Count and his scoundrelly son are unmasked, and must go to seek their fortune elsewhere than at Bordeaux.

The piece was cast with Mme. Fromentin as Madame Donis, Mlle. Legault as Marthe, Pujol as M. Donis, Landrol as the Comte, and St. Germain as the Vicomte.

"BUCKINGHAM," a comic operetta by Julian Edwards, was first performed Dec. 28, at the Town Hall, Northampton, Eng.

The scene is laid at a country inn a few miles from London, and the innkeeper, Jonathan, is first introduced singing "This World is all Commotion." It transpires that he is in love with Marjorey, who appears and gives vent to her air, "How Sweetly Sing the Birds." Taking advantage of the opportunity presented, Jonathan pleads his cause and offers her marriage. The coquettish damsel loves him, but gives an evasive reply: "I will think of it," much to the mortification of the wooer. One night, however, two gallants—the Duke of Buckingham and his friend Captain Montrose—visit the inn, and the Duke, being charmed with the rustic beauty of Marjorey, determines to pay a second visit and make love to her. His purpose —supported, of course, by his friend the Captain—comes to the ears of Lady Ann Fairfax, who is betrothed to Buckingham, and she resolves to frustrate his plans and catch his grace in his flirtation. In order to do so she repairs to Jonathan's inn, where she sees Marjorey—a duet, "Do I Behold," being introduced here by Lady Ann and Marjorey. A conversation then takes place between the two, and to Jonathan is then confided the secret of Lady Ann's visit. Jonathan and Marjorey swear to assist her in her undertaking, and it is arranged that Lady Ann shall be disguised, and pass as Marjorey's cousin. These two having retired, the Duke and his friend the Captain enter and order some wine, bidding Jonathan to send to them the pretty girl. "Who shall I say?" asks Jonathan. The innkeeper retires, and Marjorey enters when the salutation, "A Sweet Good-day" is rendered by the Duke, his friend and Marjorey. A conversation between the three ensues, the Duke sings "Does Your Heart in Sadness Pine?" and Marjorey is then requested to fetch her companion. This she does, and Lady Ann enters, seemingly very shy. Upon the gallants seeing Lady Ann's face they are startled and confused at the striking likeness between Marjorey's supposed cousin and Lady Ann Fairfax. The Duke, however, continues his love-making with Marjorey, and the Captain endeavors to make love to Lady Ann, who sings "Ye Simple Maidens," and subsequently the quartet "What Must I Do, My Love?" is rendered. The protestations of love by the gallants having become rather too advanced, the ladies are indignant, and Jonathan is called to the rescue. The scene now is very amusing, the innkeeper endeavoring to protect the ladies in a peculiar manner, he being frightened, and in a great tremor. The result is that a duel must be fought between Jonathan and the Duke, a quintet, "No Coward Shall Fight," being here introduced. Jonathan pleads his inability to fight, and is thrust off the stage, the duel being heard behind the scenes. Marjorey remains on the stage lamenting her acquaintance with the Duke, which she believes will end in the death of her Jonathan, who then staggers in as though seriously wounded. Marjorey naturally is very anxious to know the nature of his hurt, and it turns out that the only serious wound is caused by Marjorey's refusal to marry him. He then makes another proposal, which Marjorey evades with the usual "I will think of it." The Duke here comes upon the scene alone (his "friend" having run away after seeing Jonathan fall). Lady Ann now appears in her ordinary dress, but unmasked. The Duke, with his usual inquisitiveness with regard to the fair sex, insists on seeing her face, and they sing "Permit Me, Fair Lady." She refuses to reveal her face at first, but after much solicitation she removes the mask, and he discovers his betrothed. The Duke is naturally greatly disconcerted, but an explanation takes place, followed by a reconciliation. The Captain here returns, and another explanation follows. Jonathan and Marjorey are called in, and Lady Ann advising Marjorey to get married as soon as possible, to keep her from "those London gallants," she there and then consents, and accepts Jonathan. All is happily arranged. Lady Ann and the Captain leave for London, and Marjorey and Jonathan retire to the inn, the finale being "Gladly We Leave You!" This is the outline of the piece, which is simple, but very amusing and interesting.

"LOVE'S ALARMS," a farcical comedy, adapted from the French by C. M. Rae, was recently added to the bill at the Royalty Theatre, London. The story follows:

A damsel, by name Alicia, and another whose "sponsorial appellation" is Ida, are angling for the favor and fortune of a certain wealthy young gentleman named Titus Tiverton. Alicia is the chosen one, but she knows it not. It is evident to Titus that a victory in the lists of love is to be too easily achieved. He has a romantic turn of mind, and would like to encounter some serious difficulty in his passage to the lady's heart. Above all things he longs for a rival. Ida, thinking to forward her own designs, hints that Alicia has another lover, and thus, as it turns out, plays into her rival's hands. Alicia, finding that Titus wants a rival, determines that he shall have one. She "requisitions" the services of Mr. Marzad Mangold, an impecunious actor, on the lookout for a job. She asks him if he can personate a Peruvian lover. Certainly he can, is his reply, so long as it is not in presence of people who have been to Peru. Having received his instructions, he prepares to put them into practice, the result being that poor Titus receives some very rough usage, and is nearly frightened out of his wits into the bargain. In vain does he come to the house disguised as a hairdresser, and in other characters not his own. The quick eyes of Alicia betray his secret, and the sham Peruvian makes matters somewhat warm for the romantic lover, who, however, finds his reward at the end in the hand of the lady who in meeting his wishes has rendered him slightly uncomfortable. Lionel Brough appeared as Wurzel Mangold, F. Mervin as Titus, Miss Rose Cullen as Alicia, and Miss Maude Digby as Ida.

A MAINE man who wanted a pint of alcohol was obliged to travel thirty-five miles, procure a doctor's prescription, and make many pledges of honesty and uprightness before he could get it.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ON DE BANKS OB DE ROLLING RIBBER.
Old Negro Character-song.

On de banks ob de rolling river
Was dis old nigger born,
And serbed his trade wid hoe and spade,
To raise de cane and corn;
Old Sam de darkies call me,
I come from Tennessee,
And libed 'fore de War wid de man on der shore
Who sleeps near de dark old tree.

Chorus.—I come from Tennessee, etc.

Though now I 'spects I'll nebber again
Go back to that lubbed shore,
Oft in a dream I'se on de stream,
A-rowing de boat once more.

Ob all de places in de world,
Dere's one I'd like to see—
It's dat lone grave I dug, when a slave,
For old mass, near de dark old tree.

Chorus.—I come from Tennessee, etc.

No longer I can plough de field,
No longer use de hoe;
Still while I'se here, I'll hab ne tear
But wait for det to be.
And what must soon ob dis old coon
Become, where shall I be?
I'll sleep wid massa on der shore
Near de shade ob de dark old tree.

Chorus.—I come from Tennessee, etc.

THE OLD FRANKLIN MUSEUM.

The great prosperity of the Bowery Theatre in this city about 1834-5 induced the building of a small theatre, which would probably seat some 600 persons uncomfortably crowded, at 175 Chatham street. It was leased by William Dinneford, and first opened Sept. 7, 1835, with "The School of Reform" and "The Unfinished Gentleman." The company included E. N. Thayer, Charles Webb, William Sefton (who made his first appearance in New York), John Sefton, A. J. Phillips, Williams, Burke, Madden, W. Kent, Parkinson, Everard, the celebrated Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Kent, Miss Alexina Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. Lewellen, Miss Amelia Verity, and Miss Mary Gannon, then a child. It was here, on Oct. 5 of that year, that "The Golden Farmer" was brought out, in which John Sefton made such a big hit as Jemmy Twitcher. Mrs. Duff acted the little part of Elizabeth, and in that character, at this theatre on Nov. 30 following, made her last recorded appearance on the New York stage. Thomas, an Irish comedian, and Mrs. Thomas, afterwards Mrs. Hone, Philadelphia, made their first appearance in this city, here, Jan. 18, 1836. Joseph Jefferson, the father of the present comedian of that name, was a scenic-artist here. In the company the following season were the Misses E. and J. Anderson—the first-named subsequently became Mrs. Thoman, and now graces the California stage as Mrs. Saunders; the other is now the well-known Mrs. G. C. Germon of the Baltimore theatres. Master Charles Burke also appeared here, singing a song called "The Beautiful Boy." Master Joseph Jefferson made his first appearance on the stage, March 1, 1837, with Master Titus in a combat. Which some dramatic historians have erroneously regarded as being his first appearance on the stage. On Nov. 13, 1837, W. Earle of Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., became the lessee, and was succeeded by Tom Flynn Dec. 13, he giving way on June 27, 1838, to W. R. Blake, who was succeeded by Wm. Dinneford. On Sept. 27 of that year Rosina and Mary Shaw, then children, made their first appearance in New York, acting respectively Lingo and Cowslip in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Mr. Blake's management of the Bowery Theatre in this city, being Mrs. Rose Watkins. Mary Shaw, twice widowed, is in retirement. Frank Rea, now in California, made his debut on the stage Dec. 13 of that year, acting Young Norval. For John Sefton's benefit, Jan. 7, 1839, "Oliver Twist" was produced with a phenomenal cast, the beneficiary acting Mr. Bumble; *Mrs. C. R. Thorne, the Artful Dodger*; Mr. C. R. Thorne, Bill Sykes; Mrs. W. R. Blake, Nancy Sykes; young Chatterley (his first appearance), Oliver Twist, making his first appearance to the modern stage by N. H. Bannister, who acted here for the first time in this city April 8, 1839, and on May 9 following the late E. Eddy made his first appearance in public, giving a recitation of "The Indian's Lament" for Mr. Goodenow's benefit. The company from the Park Theatre began a season here Jan. 11, 1841, and on Feb. 1 produced "Money" for the first time in New York. It crowded the theatre for a fortnight. Their season ended Feb. 16. The theatre was subsequently opened and remodeled, and its last performance given there. George Lea, the manager, is now keeping a drug-store in Port Jervis, N. Y.; John Mulligan died in this city July 28, 1873; Lewis J. Donnelly also died here Oct. 26, 1869; Signor Blias, the well-known clown, is believed to be living. The model artists (probably Mme. Wharton's Troupe) were the chief attractions.

FRANKLIN MUSEUM, 175 CHATHAM SQUARE.

Hungarian Warbling.....Mulligan, Spencer, Jones and Pearson
Fancy dance.....Miss Lea
Banjo-solo.....Mr. Jones
Bloomian Boy.....Mulligan and Donnelly
Feats of the Spanish Tranca.....Sig. Bliss
Julius taking lessons on the banjo.....Mulligan and Jones
Ballad.....Mr. Donnelly
Feats of posturing.....Sig. Bliss
Fancy dance.....Miss Lea
Ballad—"You'll Remember Me".....Mr. Sanford
Cracovienne.....Mr. Donnelly

This part will conclude with the laughable afterpiece entitled

THE BARBER'S SHOP IN AN UPROAR.

Positively for the last time. Characters by the company.

Intermission of 10 minutes to arrange the stage for the Tableaux Vivants.

The entertainments will terminate with the following beautiful Groups of Living Statuary, viz:

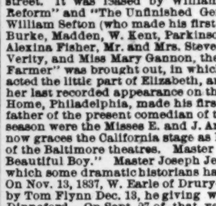
LEA'S TROUPE OF MODEL ARTISTS.

First.....THE GREEK SLAVE
Second.....DANCERS OF ST. VITUS
Third.....TEMPTATION
Fourth.....BATH OF DIANA
Fifth.....VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA
Sixth.....THE THREE GRACES
Seventh.....THORN EXTRACTOR
Eighth.....SYLPHIDE
Ninth.....DRESSING-ROOM
Tenth.....LADIES' DRESSING-ROOM
Eleventh.....THE BALLET
Twelfth.....MAIDEN WHISPERING HER LOVE TO A KNIGHT.
Thirteenth.....THE LISTENERS
Fourteenth...GRAND TABLEAUX IN HONOR OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE every day at 3 o'clk.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1854, THE FRANKLIN MUSEUM WILL REOPEN AT THE BOWERY, directly opposite the Bowery Theatre, with an entire new company, his present performers in the Ethiopian line having been engaged at the Bowery Theatre. Mr. Lea will open the above establishment with a PERFECTLY NEW, ORIGINAL AND TALENTED COMPANY. Come and see us.

WE TWO CAN NEVER BE ONE AGAIN.
SONG AND CHORUS BY G. E. H——T.



Oh, tell me not you love me yet!
Too soon, too soon did you forget
Those vows so oft you gave to me,
That ever constant you would be.
False and fickle didst thou prove;
Fond pleadings ne'er thy heart would move;
Alas! regret is now in vain,
We two can ne'er be one again.

Chorus.

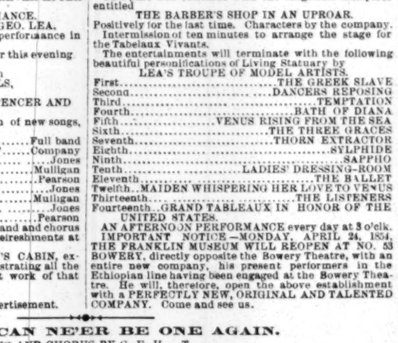
Then tell me not you love me yet!
Inconstant hearts should ne'er forget
That love once lost ne'er comes again.
Then bear thy lot and ne'er complain.

Oh, tell me not you love me yet!
For ere the evening's sun has set
Thy false and cruel heart will stray
To other loves, nor heed the day
Of retribution, sure as fate,
When thou, alas! too late.
E'en didst thou love, false one, 'tis plain
We two can ne'er be one again.

Chorus.

Teen tell me not you love me yet!
Inconstant hearts should ne'er forget
That love once lost ne'er comes again;
Then bear thy lot and ne'er complain.

THE ORIGINAL MARY'S LAMB.



THE PETRIFIED LAMB.

Regarded either as a work of art or as a relic of the past, the accompanying figure possesses rare value. Anybody can see at a glance that it is a lamb—but it remains to be divulged what kind of lamb it is. Presuming that nobody lives in such profound ignorance as not to have heard of Mary—the fair, the studious, the historic Mary—and the lamb which proved to one that mystery. Before you appears the original Mary's lamb, which followed her to school, and was afterwards ejected from the temple of learning for giving the teacher sauce—not mint-sauce. History has heretofore left unrevealed the career of this interesting animal from the period of its school-days. Taking up the thread, we desire to explain that Mary's lamb abandoned its educational efforts, after the lamb-entable failure with which the world is familiar, and devoted itself to pastoral pursuits exclusively. It would have been a pity indeed if this immortal creature had been doomed to the fate of most lambs, and given up its life for the gratification of man's appetite. In other words, it would have been a shame to have roasted Mary's lamb, and as veracious historians we are pleased to say that it never was roasted. After failing a virtuous life and avoiding all immoral practices—even that of gamboling on the green—the lamb was one day turned into stone. If this seems a hard story, you will be kind enough to remember that there have been numerous petrified men discovered, and why not a petrified lamb? As we asserted at the outset, this is the original Mary's lamb, in a petrified state. We purpose, before long, to exhibit him in other States, and possibly in New Jersey.

MY LITTLE DARLING WAITS FOR ME.
WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

There is a dwelling-place afar,
A home beyond the azure sky;
Its pearly gates are left ajar
For all who climb the pathway high.
Within that Eden bright and fair,
A sweet and smiling face I see;
And, standing on the golden stair,
My little darling waits for me.

Chorus.

Within that Eden bright and fair,
A sweet and smiling face I see;
And, standing on the golden stair,
My little darling waits for me.

I see her in my dreams at night,
And hear her voice so soft and sweet;
Her amber tresses, shining bright,
Are lustrous as the golden street.

With angels clad in white array,
She trips across the crystal lea;
And where the pure and righteous stay
My little darling waits for me.

Chorus.—Within that Eden, etc.

I long to kiss her lips again,
And hold her to my loving breast;
'Twould drive away the grief and pain,
To be by her once more caressed.
But I shall meet my darling love,
And hear her merry, childish glee,
For in that paradise above,
My little darling waits for me.

Chorus.—Within that Eden, etc.

THE FEROCIOUS TIGER.

The tiger in many respects is a peculiar animal. He is not gentle, but he is vigorous. Taken in his native wilds, he is not the sort of companion which a man likes to meet. But under the civilizing influences of the circus, the tiger becomes an object of interest and admiration. We take pleasure in calling your attention to the accompanying tiger, one of the most ferocious of his species ever captured. He is a professional beast, and has been connected with numerous shows. His particular line of business is to run loose during the street parade, and you see him in that thrilling attitude here. To be sure, the surroundings are hardly those of an ordinary street, while the conspicuous absence of lamp-posts might be objected to by those who have a leaning towards these friendly supports. In explanation, it may be said that the wild landscape is introduced in order to heighten the effect. A tiger trotting along the pavements of a city street is preposterously out of place in a work of art; but introduce him into a jungle—we think this is intended for a jungle—and you have a scene which is at once inspiring and consistent. We have spoken of our tiger as remarkable for his ferocity; and so, indeed, he is described on the bills; yet we will confess in confidence that he is old and toothless, and would not really harm a child. At the same time it would not be wise to run against him, because whenever anybody attempts to "buck the tiger" he is pretty sure to get the worst of it.

LOOSE IN THE STREET.

YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER BIER.
Parody on "The Mill Will Never Grind Again."
BY PERCY GARNETT.

Listen to dot bier run out all de livelong night—
How de drinking of dot stuff makes de boys all tight!
Languidly de waiter glides—he's got on a still—
Never coming back again, ov he gets a bill;
A proverb crossed my head as I gave up my last cent—
You'll never get another bier with de nickle dot is spent.

Take dot proverb to your lung, bummers und deadbeats;
Don't let chances pass you by, don't miss any treats—
Try to get de most you can, but don't spend a red;
All dot you can sock away you vill be ahead.

Never have a friend in need, stamps should not be lent—
You'll never get another bier with de nickle dot is spent.

Oh, de drinks dot ve have missed, 'twould take hours to tell!
Oh, de "balls" we might have had, lost without a smell!
Brandy dot we might have drank had we wanted it,
Cigars refused, but never smoked, perishing quilt!
Bear dot lesson in your mind—stick to every cent!
You'll never get another bier with de nickle dot is spent.

AMUSEMENT ANIMALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. 13.

SIMS REEVES AND CHARLES SANTLEY.

On our first page are portraits of these two eminent English vocalists. The career of Charles Santley has been much briefer than that of Sims Reeves, and is probably familiar to most of our readers. But a few years ago he was in this country. Reeves has never been here, his nearest approach to crossing the Atlantic having been the contemplation of visiting us at the close of an Australian tour, projected about a year ago, but never carried out. The foremost of English tenors was born at Woolwich, Eng., in 1821, and is the son of a musician who, in educating young Reeves, proved himself a severe taskmaster. Up to twelve years of age he remained at home. After that, for two years, he was sent to grammar-school. At fourteen he became a pupil of H. Calcott, who developed him as to harmony and counterpoint, and of John Cramer, who taught him the piano. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of the oboe, bassoon, 'cello and violin, all of which he played very well for one of his age. Before he had completed his fifteenth year he was given the post of organist at the Church of North Cray. A vocal instructor under whom his father had placed him treated his voice as a baritone, and it is related that as a baritone the coming great tenor sang in his native place, as well as in Scotland and Ireland. The story lacks confirmation, for there is another to the effect that, having taken lessons from Hobbs the tenor, Tom Cooke, Salsbury and others, he made his public debut in June, 1839, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, as a first tenor. After singing throughout the British provinces, he went to Paris to improve himself under the tuition of Bordogni, and thence to Milan, where, under the guidance of the celebrated Alberto Mazzucato, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the formation of the voice and the production of tone. As regards execution and method, his schooling may be said to have been finished under the maestro Bajetti, and he made his Italian debut at La Scala. His success was such that Morelli engaged him for two years, and he became the operatic lion of the period. An incident of his career in Milan is worthy of repetition here. While in the full flush of his popularity, he caught cold. Nature, which had given him a larynx of perfect construction and lungs of magnificent capacity, had also lined the former organ with a mucous-membrane of remarkable thinness, and he suddenly found himself unable to sing, or at least to sing as he could have wished. On the ground that, though there was a cold, there was no fever, the manager's doctor refused him a certificate of disability. Fever was then the only excuse for the doctor's interference between an artist and the public. Reeves vowed that he could not appear, and the Scala theatre was in a ferment. The doctor bore his ultimatum to the manager, who returned a message commanding the tenor to appear. Reeves did not go. The singer was not now in England. Some of our readers will remember that gens-d'armes, dispatched in Paris in 1868 to arrest Mr. and Mrs. James Menken to the theatre where she was announced to appear that night, found a corpse. The Milan authorities sent their officials to bring Reeves to La Scala, dead or alive. They took him to the opera house, but they could not make him sing. The manager at last yielded, and the Edgardo of the night was not the stubborn Englishman, who, apart from any stubbornness, has always maintained that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the public as well as to the composer, in addition to being destructive of the organ of the singer. Nevertheless, he is a most remarkable first-tenor if he has not very often sung with a sore throat.

Returning to England, he appeared on Dec. 6, 1847, at Drury-lane, London, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and in the following year was enrolled among the company at Her Majesty's, where he appeared but once, however, for reasons that have thus been given by the manager himself, the late Benjamin Lumley: "It was in those days a rare event for an English singer to venture upon the boards of an Italian opera, and the force of fashion and prejudice made the venture one of unusual difficulty. But, with his advantage of training and style, Mr. Reeves was entitled to be fairly considered as an Italian singer when he made his appearance at the Royal

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Sallie (of Rentz's Minst.)
Adams, Lucille (2)
Austin, Mrs. Chas. H.
Allen, Eloise
Austin, Cora
Bartley, Mrs. Adelio
Beaumont, Nellie
Byron. Lizzie
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Benedict, Mrs. Lew
Bailey, Ella
Burdick, Dora M. (2)
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Bretto, Emma
Bankson, Mrs. J. W.
Bradley, Leanora
Clifton, Blanche (2)
Coleman, Ada
Caselli, Fannie
Charles, Miss M. (of J. E. Owen's Co.)
Charpioneer, Lil
Caselli, Fannie
Coleman, Alice A. (2)
Duvall, Alice
Durell, Barrie
Dawson, Dora
Deland, Josie
De Luisi, Mrs. Louise (2)
De Vere, Ida (danseuse)
Desire, Mad. (of Miller's W. Gar., Phila.)
Douglas, Fannie
Demar, Mollie (Indian p. o. Mark)
Fletcher, Lizzie
Farrell, Minnie
Forrest, Lillian
Gorman, Lottie
Guy, Mamie
Grouse, Madeline
Graham, Ella
Goss, Mrs. J.
Grant, Ethel 13c.
Gleason, Alice
Guy, Mrs. G.
Godfrey, Mattie
Hastings, Marie
Heslep, Grace
Howard, Maude
Howard, Jennie
Herd, Celia
Jordan, Lu-lu
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kellogg, Alice
Kimball, Jennie
La Monte, Allie
Lauretta, Mlle. (of Queen's Circus)
La Verde Sisters
Lucille, Fannie (3)
Lee, Pauline 12c.
Lake, Madam
Logan, Olive
Linden, Lillie
Mc Donald, Nellie (of Cogrino)
Mack, Mrs. Minnie (2)
Morton, Alma
Morton, Mrs. J. M.
Marshall, Florence
Morris, Ida (2)
Morgan, Etta
McCall, Lizzie
Merrion, Miss D.
Parker, Susie
Phillips, Annie
Pearl, Mabie
Palmer, Laura
Phillips, Amy 3c.
Runnells, Bonnie
Rainford, Alice
Robinson, Laura F. (3) 36c.
Richmond Sisters
Ransom, Alice
Roseberry, Mrs.
Settle, Ed.
St. Felix, Madam
Shandley, Josaphine (2)
Shipe, Mrs.
Catharine
Stuart, Maude (of N. Y. Com. Co.)
Sheliman Sisters
Seymour, Mrs. Mary (2)
Thompson, Mrs. Sid
Thomaso, Hilda (2)
Venus & Adonis
Woods, Carrie
Wyndham, Alice
Williams, Gussie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Yeamans, Jennie (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alleson, Frank
Arlington, W.
Allen, Chas. "Biz"
Allen, Chas. O.
Ashley, J. (of Robinson's Circus)
Armstrong, H. (of Coliseum, Chicago)
Alveretta, (of Alveretta Bros.)
Almonte, Geo.
Andre, Prof. E. A.
Alexander, Geo (late of Macon, Ga.)
Atkins, Will
Allison, C. W.
Alfonzo Bros.
Arthur & Bennett
Arnold, W. S.
Avery, Frank
Barlow, M. G.
Bagley, G.
Bowron, W. A.
Blossom, Nat
Booth, Edwin
Buffalo Bills Combination
Barry, Fred.
Bennet, C. W. (of Robinson's Minst.
Barrett, Lawrence
Bush, I. T. (2)
Brown, H. B.
Boyd, Chas. (of Boyd & Wade) (2)
Bryant & West
Baird, W. (of N. O. Minst.)
Banker, E. (of Banker & Mills)
Barkman, G. W.
Burke, C. (of Mc Vicker & Burke)
Belknap, Will S.
Byron, O. D.
Burke, John M
Bradini, —(female-impersonator)
Baker, Billy (of Baker & Doyle)
Barry, Joe (ventriloquist)
Bessinger, John
Burnham, Chas.
Benedict, Lew
Berry, Dr. Asa C.
Blaisdell Bros.
Bell, Frank (2)
Bell, Charley
Berger Family, Manager
Bernardo, Mr.
Bell, Charlie (comedian)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bartley, W.
Burrell, Chas.
Clayton, F. (of Clayton & Weston)
Cohen, Sol (of Evangeline Co.)
Campbell, J. K.
Clark, J. H. (banjoist)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Cotton, Ben
Carroll, Fred.
Cardello, J. (of Cardello & Victorelli)
Clifford, Harry
Caywood, Chas. C.
Cooper, C. (with Wallace Sisters)
Coleman, J. A.
Campbell, Bartley
Clarke, Kit (2)
Corvella, Bob
Chapman, Ed.
Chilton, Will
Charles, Geo.
Clark, G. Brooks
Currier, Chas. F.
Clark, Dick
Deutch, W. R.
Doris & Batcheler
Diamond, Chas.
Dingess, R. S.
Draper, S. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Dockrill, R. H. (2)
Dashington Bros.
Dixon, Geo. (comedian)
Dobson, F. B.
Dayton, Tommy
Delano, Jeep
De Haven, Claude
Dickinson, H. (with Peak Family)
D'Armo, —
Drayton, Chas.
Dorr, Howard
Edwards, Geo. H.
Ellis, —
Watson & Ellis
Emidy, Jas.
Emery, Dan (musician)
Emidy, J. A.
Emerson, Wm. (2)
Elmdy, Geo.
Everett, Geo.
Ellis, E. O.
Friedy, J.
Frost, Hyatt
Forepaugh, Adam
Freise, A.
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Fields, Jas. (comedian)
Fostelle, Chas.
Fowler, W. W.
Franklin, W. (agent for Hoffman)
Fields, John F.
Florence, W. J.
Fox & Ward
Francis, Sig.
Frank, Tony.
Geyer, Albert (2)
Girard Bros.
Gould, Prof. A. D. (2)
Gorman, W. E. (2)
Gale, G. (of Robinson's Minst.) (2)
Guthrie & Grimer
Gibson & Sinney
Gregory, Jas. and-dance)
Grover, Leonard
Griffith, Wm. N.
Gilmartan, W.
Green, J. E. (of Mocking bird Min.)
Gillam, E. F.
Gaffand, Fred.
Gordon, Fritz
Grover, R. H.
Gorton, Jos.
Gardiner, E. M.
Graham, R. E.
Herrman, M.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hall, J. C.
Hooley & Thompson
Hawley, Frank
Hallen & Hart
Higgins, Wm. 5c.
Harris, Geo. (vocalist)
Hooker, Fred.
Herbert, Eugene (female-impersonator)
Howard, Robin
Holston, A. B.
Howe's London Circus, Prop.
Hanlon, Prof. E.
Haynes, Brook
Hamel, Victor
Hamilton, Geo.
Hussey, Frank
Hayden, W. R.
Hall, Mills
Hindes, G.
Hodges, Boney
Hayle, Billy
Harrington, Frank
Hogan, John
Harrison, Eugene H.
Hensley, Al
Hunter, G. W.
Harrington, John
Haley & Weston
Hines, Billy
Harding, Mr. (musical dealer)
Henley, Fay J. E.
Henrickson, F.
Irving, Phil H.
Irwin, Selden
Jacobus, Charles
Jones, Prof. Chas. A.
Justice, J. J.
Kenney, Geo.
Johnson, Joseph
Japanese Troupe, Manager
King, Chas. H.
Kennedy, D. (of Cole's Circus) (2)
Kersands, Billy
Kelly, T. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Keating, John
Kent, Allen
Kelly, J. D.
Kine, Jas.
Lipman, Mike
Lahl, Sam
Lawler, W. F.
Leopold, Geo.
Lee, Simcoe
Lewis, A. B.
Leake, W. H.
Leonard, W.
Lavake, W. K.
Levick, Milnes
Lockhart, — (one-armed)
Landis Bros.
Long, T. B.
Lennox, Geo. J.
Leroux, Chas.
Milligan, Phil
Mc Donald, F. (Lion performer)
Maas, Jas.
Maeder, F. G.
Marble, A.
Mackenzie, Archie (2)
Martin, Sam (2)
Mulgro, Charlie
Martin, Master (of "Big 4")
McKeever, John (2)
Morris, Wm. W.
Morris, H. (of Morris & Fields)
Melville, Lew
Murphy & Shannon
McGlone, Pete
Mack, (of Murphy & Mack)
Mullen, J. J.
Maguire, J. T.
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Muab, R.
Mitchell, W. H. (of Rowe's Minst.)
McColl, D. J.
Manney, Chas.
McVey, Ben
Mayo, Frank
Meade, Jas. A.
Moracco, Walter
Master, F.
Mullen & Magee
Moreland, Harry (2)
Miller, Henry
McKeynolds, John
Maffit, Jas.
McCullough, John (tragedian)
Maginly, Ben
McMillan, Chas.
Nagent, Jas.
Northrup, C. L.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Noyes, A. C.
Naoni, Francois
O'Brien, Tom (cloggist)
O'Neill, Wm. (circus clown)
Oakley, Thos.
Petrie, Wm.
Pettit & White
Pike, Mr. (manager)
Powell, Ed. L.
Petrie & Fish
Pierce, Harry
Paine, Ira A.
Pitou, Augustus
Phillips, Barry
Pastor, C. P. "Pico" (2)
Pearsall, Dr.
Peters, Jas. F.
Purton, Harry
Queen Montgomery (2)
Quinn, Eddie
Rocks, Jas. H.
Roberts, N. D.
Richmond, Jas.
Robat, A. C.
Robinson, J. (with C. & Bailey) 24c.
Ryman, Add
Richards, Chas. F.
Rapier, John
Sanford, J. J. (gymnast)
Sloss, Will H.
Smith, Neil
Snow, Ben M.
Seeley, Chas.
Singleton, C. 5c.
Smith, J. M. (musician)
Sadler, Tommy
Slavin, J. H.
Sutton, Chas.
Stuebgen, Prof. F.
Stevens, H. S.
Smith, Wm. (of "Big 4")
Smyth & Burne
Stone, Chas. A.
Snell, J. (of Healy's Co.)
Swains, The
Stone, Den
Silly, Dan
St. Elmo, Prof.
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Saphore, J. L.
seymour, O. (of Robinson's Min.)
Sheridan & Jones
"Stethe"
Simmons & Slocum
Shannon, John
Stone & Circus, Manager Den
Steere, L. M. W.
Snyder, M. B.
Sherry, Jas. P.
Tuthill, W. F.
Thomas, Erwin
Thatcher, Primrose & West
Thorne, Chas. J.
Tayleure, R. L.
Toole, T. R. (2)
Thomas, A. A.
Tudor, John and Amy
Tuthill, Fred
"Ura"
Voos, A. E.
Van Amburgh & Co.'s Circus
"Variety"
Vance, C. W.
Vere, G. W.
Vissol, Jules
Van Amburgh's Manager
Vivian, Chas.
Webb, Albert
Warfield, Tom
Warren, J. E.
Walters, Punch
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Wing, Chas. A.
Winfield, John
Walling, Dave
Warner, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co. 15c.
Worden & Mack
Wentworth, Walter
Williams, D. A.
White, Chas.
Wilson, Geo. E. (tragedian)
Welch, Fayette
Waldron, D. G.
Wilson, Ned (2)
Wilson, Mike
Wood, John D.
Welsher, Price (2)
Washburn, L. W.
Whitney, Johnny
Weeks, Harry
Wells, Ben
"Y. Z."

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 21, '78.

The holidays are over—Christmas has been laid on the shelf, New-Year has already become aged, Thanksgiving is forgotten, and Evacuation-day and the 8th of January seem to have escaped our vivid recollection altogether; and so we once more resume our places in the regular grooves, with no holiday nearer than that of February 22d, made memorable as the anniversary of the birth of George, the small boy who was never detected as a falsifier of the truth. And that reminds us of a short scrap going the rounds, from which it would appear that George's claims as champion truth teller are disputed by Joseph Jefferson, of old Rip renown, who says he are told, not only loves to speak the truth himself, but instills the same wholesome principle into the minds of his offspring, and admonishes them, with an unselfishness characteristic of the great actor, that truth "is the greatest armor a man ever put on him." "All honor to the Little Church Around the Corner," which first, wisely, directed Joseph's attention to the importance of confining himself to the truth, and sacrificing all other considerations to this self-evident fact. But we digress. Holidays are good things in their way, serving as a sort of safety-valve to enable us to throw off a surplus of enthusiasm which fills the heart of man at periodical cycles; without these moments of relaxation we should become a nation of slaves, instead of a brotherhood of democratic republicans. Let us as freemen hail that day which proclaimed us a nation, and sing psalms of victory to the 22d of February, now and forevermore.....We do not believe that Edwin Booth's new version of "Richard III" is destined to become popular. The people are satisfied with the old play, and it is not at all likely that they will tolerate any innovation which seeks to dethrone the bloody Duke of Gloster, and erect in his stead a mongrel of high degree. To distinguish the Booth version from Colley Cibber's work, we would kindly suggest that the son of his father call his tantling "Richard III and a Half."

.....It is not true that Miss Von Hillern has been engaged for one of our first-class theatres as "walking lady." Here is another lie nailed to the counter, thus is another falsehood clinched on both sides.....The pigeon-show at the Aquarium is quite an attractive exhibition—fantail pigeons, soiled doves, turtle-doves, pouters, highflyers, etc., all have a place in this home of the fishes, and all claim our consideration and respect. Singly, as a squab, for instance, there is not a great deal to our taste; but, combined as a whole, a very enjoyable pigeon-pie might be constructed out of the raw material temporarily on view at the Aquarium. We think this is the biggest Coup-de-main yet offered by the manager of this institution.....And while referring to pigeon-pie and provender of a like wholesome character, we would improve the occasion by giving you a little

ADVICE.

If you stay out late nights, as some married men do,
Till the "wee hours" are striking from all of the clocks,
And you fear that you'll get in a "scrape" or a "mess,"
Just take to your wife a nice "*pie* in a box."

.....In view of the approach of the tenting season, when circuses and menageries make glad the hearts of our friends of the rural districts, we may not be doing wrong to notify showmen that now is the time to plant hippopotamuses and to trim elephants and lions. It may be well, likewise, to dig around the only living crocodile, and to graft giraffes' legs on elephants' trunks. These may seem like very small matters to the uninitiated, but a little timely advice of this kind may keep many a manager from going under.....Mr. Raymond must not be reckless—as a life-insurance agent he takes many "Risks," but let him be prudent; several *real* agents are now "doing the State some service" up there, for wandering from the true purposes of their calling, and closing the eyes of a confiding constituency.

.....We don't mind informing you that, in the present dreadful condition of the times, nearly all our comic newspapers *live by their wits!*.....The worthy stage-manager of the Louisville Metropolitan Theatre Felton commonly happy, recently, when the company presented him with a *cane!* [We intended to say something about the memorable event being commendably celebrated on the *eve* of the first day, but we can't get the points to work together as we should like.].....When Brother Gilmore goes to Paris to show them over there how easy it is for us to make first-class American musicians out of plain German fiddlers, let him bear this fact in mind, that the best "French horn" is made of *Cognac*.....And now that high-sounding titles are the order of the day, a friend of ours, a sideshow *blower* by profession, calls himself "King of the Air." Another, equally talented in his peculiar line, and equally voluble in his delivery, calls his vocal apparatus "The Cave of the Wind.".....When we casually mentioned to "Our Jim" that "Ivanhoe" was being produced at the Bowery, the erudite lad comically remarked: *"I've a no-tion I saw that once before,"* and then he resumed the attack upon his pie with increased fury.....We most respectfully answer the inquiry of a correspondent by informing him that "A Celebrated Case" is *not* the Beecher affair dramatized.....It looks as though the champion clog-dancer means business, and a right merry time of it might be the result of a competition between the many claimants for superiority. If nothing should clog the efforts now making to exhibit the real champion, and induce half-soled aspirants to "put up or shut up," there is a strong probability that the boys will shortly buckle to.....There is a rumor that *another* operatic manager has been lost or mislaid, but we cannot trace the rumor or the alleged lost one to any authentic source.....

"The Lyons Mail" is expected at the Broadway Theatre to-night. Of course, being of a "Mail" character, it can have no connection with "The Lady of the Lions." The stage is to be introduced on this occasion is Alfred *Dampier*, who, judging from the *napping* character of our people, says everybody seems pretty *dry here!* When the ferry-boat which conveyed him from Jersey to the American side collided with the stringpiece, knocking people as well as the boat on their beam-ends, the Australian actor took the right view of it when he said the collision was owing to the *dam pier!* [These are untruths, merely cast in here for the purpose of introducing the actor from the other side.]

.....We desire to say to our friends that the young lady who acts Blanche in "The Duke's Motto," at Niblo's, is Nina Varian, Fanny Varian, of the—we had a jolly good thing prepared to slash in at this point, but we have missed the thread of our discourse, and a beautiful effort of the mind is thus lost to the world. [These orange-girls confuse a good many people by their insidious wiles.]..... Those journalists who declared that P. T. Barnum had retired to private life, bedding a long, a last farewell to the show business forever, are to be pitied for their ignorance. Mr. Barnum was never more alive than he is at present, and he was never more earnest in his devotion to the show business than now. He will be heard from at an early day.....Prices have a downward tendency. Mrs. John Drew, who is the leading actress of Philadelphia, has consolidated, like Capt. Scott's coon, to come down, and until further notice her scale will run from 25 cents to one dollar, according to location and reservation.

.....Although James Hearne, the Irish vocalist and reel and jig dancer, is coming with a rush, he must not be mistaken for Herne the Hunter, as his dates are pretty well filled up, and he has no time to hunt.....Learning that Leonidas Heavysides, the light juvenile-man of the Acropolis Theatre, had dissented from J. Gordon Montclair's leading concerted effort in place of joining when we interviewed the former, on the stage of the theatre, just as the learned actor came from before the audience fresh with his laurel-crowned triumphs. We took him on the fly, as it were, and buttonholed him by the first hole of the right lappel of his sleashed doublet. We sought to imbue his mind with the subject dearest to our heart, and then informed him that we had learned from a trustworthy source that he questioned the existence of a hell, and we desired to set him right before the world. He seemed to grow angry, and there was a lurking devil in his eye that boded no good to anyone who should cross his path in a hostile attitude. We spoke of the object of our mission; told him how deeply important it was that the public should be set right; explain what his opinion was concerning the alleged place referred to. He would fain have whistled us down the wind, if we may so express it; but we clove to his doublet like it was a silver-dollar of our fathers. We pushed on to the assault, and —— It is probable that at this juncture a spell of unconsciousness must have prostrated us; for, when consciousness returned, we were discovered on the carpenter's bench, with stout hearts and willing hands a-doing their best to resuscitate us. So we don't know *what* the actor's views are.....

.....Now we have got it! Gilmore's Garden transformed into a panorama of antique civilization! Think of that! After the hippodrome, and Woody and Bill in Summer-land, the Concerts, and the circus, and the athletic policemen—after all these comes civilization. It could not well be anything else than antique. For the benefit of those overconfiding persons who are wont to put their faith in advertisements, we desire to explain that voyages through Hindostan are not really performed by Mr. Carden. All ought to Hindostan this before buying tickets. The funny Thatcher up at the San Francisco Minstrels has been repeatedly declaring that "the villain still pursued her." It strikes us that it's about time for him to Thatcher. [This would be better if the minstrel's name were Catcher. But people are generally so stubborn about little things that they won't change their names even for the sake of improving our puns.]..... Yes, it was a pretty bad overhauling which the critics gave "Risks;" but, bless you, so long as the play fills the house, what need the author care? There's nothing like money to soothe the wounded spirit, and almost any dramatist would be willing to run the risks of critical censure if he were sure of a fat roll of greenbacks. [This is not intended to make you laugh, but to show what meaty wisdom we can put into a nutshell.—ED.].....

"Look yere!" said James last week—the boy has got into a bad habit of addressing us in that familiar way—"Who's Benson?" We bestowed a minute's reflection upon this conundrum, and then gave it up. "He must be some high-toned hairpin," continued the boy; "cause if he wasn't they wouldn't a-played a piece up at the Brougham benefit jest for him." "What are you talking about, James?" we demanded sharply. "Well, jest listen to this," was the answer; and from the playbill of the matinee performance at the Brougham benefit Jim read, without pausing for breath: "Balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet' to oblige Benson!".....Contemplating the champagny effervescence [*Mem.*—Use that again] of Wallack's Adonis Evergreen the other evening, we jotted down, on the back of an unreceipted bill, these reflections on

"MY AWFUL DAD."

From reading Spanish tales, wherein
The Dons are men of mark,
We somehow got the notion that
A Don is ever dark;
But after Mathews' "Awful Dad"
In Wallack's we had seen,
We promptly concluded that
A-Don-is Ever-green!

.....Where, O where, were the owners of those high-toned names which were affixed to the proposal tendering John Brougham a benefit, when the sale of seats took place? There's a good deal in a name, but there's a good deal more in a generous contribution to a worthy cause; and as near as we can figure it out, it was the profession, and not the public, which contributed most to the Brougham fund.....Ever since we put the programme of the Adams benefit into verse, we have been overrun with offers from managers to furnish them with bills in rhyme. We might easily have made thousands of dollars by accepting these propositions, but our modesty prevented. Besides, it would be pretty poor sort of amusement for the Muse to grapple with nothing but amusements. While, therefore, no amount of money could tempt us to do this sort of thing regularly, we feel in duty bound to embalm the programme of the Brougham benefit. We shall be pleased at some future day to pick up your scrapbook and find pasted therein the lines which follow. A great many of our verses have got into scrapbooks, and never got out again. But here are the lines:

THE BROUGHAM BENEFIT.

On "A Regular Fix" the curtain rose.
With an act from "Fanchon" following after
[It this, you perceive, had been written in prose,
We need not have mentioned, for rhyme, the laughter;]
A part of "The Merchant of Venice" was next,
With an act from the famous "Monte Cristo,"
Then more of Shakespeare's delicate text
Now for a change we'll go Frank and Christ, oh,
The balcony scene from "Romeo
And Juliet" we made it by splitting,
"To Oblige a foot needed! Benson," you know,
The rest one can afford in manner most fitting.
In the evening "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" appeared,
And tragic "Jane Eyre," who frightens a fellow;
"Rousanna" from "Marina," to music endeared,
With the jealous, unreasoning Moorish Othello;
"Micawber" turned up, and a scene from "The Wife,"
With some recitations and character sketches,
All ending in "Home, Sweet Home," as natural as life,
And this to the end of the programme stretches.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Mrs. Thaddeus W. Meighan is not dead, we are pleased to state. The touching appeal from her eldest daughter was probably a forgery. The subscription-paper which was headed by that appeal was inconspicuously a fraud, but none the less a fraud. The man who floated about with that paper was the picture of grief, which made him all the more a deadbeat. When he left this office, he had yet to visit about twenty-five supposed friends of Thad Meighan. Assuming that he did as well elsewhere as in *The Ledger* and CLIPPER offices, he ought to have raised about $40. And we learn that this was not his first trip. He has been spared heretofore for the sake of kindred. It is now intimated, in a daily paper that a friend of the late Mr. Meighan, and one of the subscribers to the original document, proposes to ascertain whether or not he has been swindled. The inquiry will be made in a police-court. We give place to a card in behalf of Mrs. T. W. M.:

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1878.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: The friends of Mrs. Thaddeus W. Meighan were greatly shocked at the publication of a paragraph in THE CLIPPER stating that the lady had died in a state of destitution, and that her body had been buried by subscription. Mrs. Meighan is alive and well, and, thanks to her own industry and that of her children, the family are beyond the reach of want. While not desiring her husband has (too many friends on the press to permit her to suffer. I am satisfied that you have been imposed upon, for this is not the first time that injurious statements have been made regarding Mrs. Meighan's means, and I am aware that money has been collected in her behalf by designing persons, who took good care that she did not benefit by the same. Mr. Meighan desires deeply to publish the announcement of her death, as well as to the necessity of this contradiction. Left as she was with so large a family, the widow is to be honored for the successful effort she has made to win her own way in the world. I trust this note will be sufficient to protect her from annoying reports in the future, as they wound her sensibility and add to her grief in the loss of her husband.

GEO. F. WILLIAMS.

.....Mr. H. Noel Gordon, author of "Our Married Men," responds:

JAN. 18, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your correspondent Mr. E. E. Kidder excites himself unnecessarily. The play "Our Married Men" was sent to Messrs. Robson and Crane as an adaptation of "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," and read it in that light, accepted by them as announced by them as such, and played by them as such. It was carefully trimmed into a two-part piece, furnished with quite original dialogue, filled in with bespeckled characters by the two actors, and Messrs. Robson and Crane, as you are good enough to state, have performed it with success, though versions of the same farce had been given round the country for thirty years, and had failed ignominiously. If the play-detective would only spend half the ingenuity in fashioning a success from the failures of others that he now wastes in discovering what could not be hidden from a child, he would be a more useful member of the dramatic community. Yours,

H. NOEL GORDON.

Mr. Kidder was largely justified in what he wrote, although he seems to have been in error as to Mr. Gordon's exact words. As Mr. Kidder stated, the basis of his note last week was our Cincinnati correspondence of Jan. 12. "Our Married Men" was first produced in that city. If, instead of being announced as a new play, it was then and there announced as an adaptation, our correspondent should have so stated. As he speaks of it throughout as "new," the presumption was that "Our Married Men" was not announced as an adaptation when brought out in Cincinnati.....At the Theatre Francais, this city, on Jan. 19, a musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of the sick and wounded of the Cuban patriot army was given. A portion of the programme was a drama in the Spanish language, entitled "Moctezuma."..... H. J. Montague was brought to this city on Jan. 16, suffering from a congestive chill and resultant fever contracted at Stamford, Ct. If Montague will but stick to the north side of Long Island Sound long enough, malaria will make an American of him.....Last week we showed how terrible a being an actor could be in a railroad car. Here is a pen-picture of L. P. Barrett, whose contributions to the columns of *The Galaxy* have already outlived the magazine in which they appeared a month or two ago: "Travelling some years ago on a westward train, a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, with deep-set eyes, intellectual face, and habited in an unusually long ulster, was one of the fellow-passengers. When he spoke or even looked hard, conductor, porter and brakeman flew to minister to and anticipate his wants, and at the eating-station where we had supper, although he uttered but few words, in a deep and richly sepulchral tone, the waiters fairly marshaled themselves by echelons to serve him. The subtle magnetism of his presence, or the potent spell of those steely eyes, made all acknowledge his power over them."

.....The opening of the school of dramatic singing, projected by Wagner at Bayreuth, for the present year has been postponed, the number of pupils who presented themselves being too few. The composer announces that his new opera, "Percival," will be produced in 1880, with a possible perfection of cast and detail. The libretto has just been published.....The Juvenile Opera Troupe, returned from Havana, Cuba, once on Dan Rice's circus. Mr. Fox is seriously ill. She is both anxious and ready to resume professional labors.....According to a telegram from Mr. Sol. Smith Russell, Mr. Roger Howard, at the head of a Boston dramatic company, on the day before found the receipts too heavy to get away with, and was committed to jail at Fredericton, N. B. Richard Wagner and his school will shortly be published at Bayreuth under the title of *Bayreuther Blatter*, as a weekly supplement to *The Bayreuther Tagblatt*. It will be edited by Baron Hans Wolzogen, a well-known writer on musical topics.....R. E. J. Miles, manager of the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, was tickled on Jan. 15, upon entering his private office, to find a superb calabash pipe, a present from an admiring field for his old stand-by that had done duty for fifteen years. The donors were Lev S. Steele and Wm. Meyer.....Boucicault is dead. No thanks to Robert McWade or the critics, however. The necrological Benedict it happens to have been the A. T. Stewart of Paris, France. He was the proprietor of the Bon Marche, and his preliminary name was not Dion, but Aristide.....R. M. Field of Boston came to town last week and left it. It will bear contradiction that Charles Keely, a comedian at one time connected with the Bellringers in Australia, is dead. *The Times* of Wellington, in its issue of Nov. 2, says that he is dead, and gives these details: "Whilst playing a leading part in 'Ali Baba,' and causing a crowded audience to roar with laughter, he suddenly put his hand to his heart, fell back, and without uttering a word expired on the stage. The performance, of course, ceased; and the audience, who were awe-struck with the awful scene, slowly dispersed. Out of respect to his memory there was no performance at the hall on the following night, quite a gloom being cast over the city, the deceased having been a great favorite with the public and his brother professionals. The cause of death was heart-disease."..... Lester Wallack has issued a positive denial, we make the guarded statement that a note forwarded to us from Cincinnati states that that performer died in that city on Jan. 14 of an overdose of chloral.....The Harry Guises is as familiar upon the variety stage as upon the legitimate. That will have to suffice for the present. It may be pleasant for one to read a generous notice of his brother actor's self-sacrificing to others, and then learn that it has been wasted.....The revival of "L'Africaine" at the Grand Opera, Paris, having put money into the bags of Mr. Halanzier, he has attempted to repeat and with equal success.....Henry French returned here from England on Jan. 19. Having attended to one "celebrated case" while abroad, he found another upon his arrival. The one here was simply a matter of business, and Colonel Dennery is furnishing new pieces for both the theatres which appear to be at swords'-points.....

"Madame Donis," reviewed among our "European Novelties" a few weeks ago, has failed to lift the Parisians by the hair. It is but a calm success.....Arthur Sullivan's health is such that his physicians have ordered him something Nice. But he will have to leave England to get it.....

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," originally produced in Paris in 1853, has been revived at the Porte St. Martin. Mr. Dalys's latest importation is that as naturally as the Philadelphians around New-Year's. We presume the version now playing in Paris is that of Dumanoir and Dennery, which, like Harry of Eastcheap, immediately following this Comique in opposition to the Gaiety version, by De Wailly and Texier..... The artists engaged for the Italian season at Vienna, to last from March 21 to May 3, are Nilsson, Artot, Lucca, Trebelli, Capoul, Faure, Gayarre, Padilla, Behrens and Masini. Patti's figures are too high. The practical manager will be Henry Jarrett, well known here, but not our Henry Jarrett. Sig. Arditi, also known here, will be the conductor.....Alexander Dumas has read his well-preserved play of "Joseph Balsamo" to the company at the Odeon, Paris. Our English exchanges state that "the reading, which lasted three hours, produced great effect. How? By making the audience profound put people to sleep.....Mlle. Albani was to have begun at the Salle Ventadour, Paris, about Jan. 17.

CITY SUMMARY.

"RISKS" was acted at the Park Theatre for the first time in this city Jan. 14, with the cast as appended:

Pennington Pembroke,	John.....C. W. Parker
Rollin Hawtree.....John Raymond	Bella Newton.....Miss M. Palmer
Duglyn.....W. J. Lemoyne	Hester Kendall,
Paul Varney.....J. G. Saville	Miss L. Eldridge
Luke Loring.....Lewis Baker	Dorothy..... Miss S. Cowell
Mr. Mayberry.....F. G. Bates	Katie.....Miss Ellion
Mr. Prig.....Fred Percy	Bertha.....Miss F. Noble
Stanton.....J. Weaver	Aunt Mabel...Miss M. Taylor
Dexter.....H. Bailey	Lucy Carter...Miss Ada Lane

The drama was originally written by Bartley Campbell to fit the artistic abilities of John Dillon, who acted it in several of the Western cities and then discarded it from his repertory. The author afterwards reconstructed it, and John T. Raymond has since played in it with considerable success. Nothing is gained by a new in situation, incident, or in the method of treatment, save in the leading role. Many of the characters are strongly reminiscent of others in familiar plays, notably Duglyn and Bella Newton, who vividly recall Luke and Rose Fielding in "The Octoroon." Notwithstanding, the piece met with success, and has attracted quite a liberal attendance. This, no doubt, has been owing in a great degree to the excellent acting of Mr. Raymond as Pennington Pembroke, a life-insurance agent, which character he has invested with emphatic individuality. Pembroke is the embodiment of self-assertion, to whom nothing is sacred; he respects neither the courtesies nor etiquette of social life, and has but one motive—to induce every person with whom he comes in contact to insure his or her life in the company he represents. One could readily imagine him stopping a funeral cortege en route to a cemetery and expatiating upon the virtues of a policy only recently issued, and on the subsequent attempt to induce the mourners to take out policies. While Mr. Raymond was on the stage the action of the drama moved with celerity, and much amusement was afforded; but during his absence it became turgid and almost wearisome. This shows that further compression and elision of the dialogue are necessary. The motive for the pathos of the drama is not sufficiently strong to warrant it being made so prominent a feature, nor has the author been very skillful in handling the subject. W. J. Lemoyne gave an artistic portrayal of the aged Duglyn, and was impressively natural. J. G. Saville acted Luke Loring in a manful Varney, commendably. Lewis Baker as Luke Loring was seen only in the first act, and then appeared somewhat ill at ease, seeming to be perplexed as to what he should do with his hands. W. C. Kelley acted the brief part of Mr. Mayberry quite satisfactorily; Fred Percy gave a praiseworthy portrayal of Prig, a "cop." H. Bailey as the bum-bailiff Dexter was not heavily cast; Miss Minnie Palmer acted portions of the character of Bella Newton uncommonly well, it being only in those scenes where the display of deep emotion was required that her abilities were overtaxed. She evinces a marked improvement since she was last seen in this city. Her acting during the last act was remarkably natural and pleasing. Miss Lillie Eldridge had but little to do as Hester Kendall, and the motive for what she did was obscure. She was richly costumed, and her reading and bearing were as wellnigh faultless as usual. Miss Sydney Cowell as a Yorkshire servant-girl both looked and acted the part exceedingly well. No fault could be found with Miss Agnes Elliott as Katie, although the role was insignificant. Miss Florence Noble is to be credited with a natural and effective impersonation of the blind girl, Bertha. Miss Marian Taylor, although but briefly seen, was matronly and dignified as Aunt Mabel. Little Etta Lewis was quite at ease as the precocious child of charming Bella Newton, and carefully attended to. The drama was effectively mounted, the scene representing the Devil's Glen, which stood during the first act, being very beautiful.

MME. MODJESKA acted the title-role in "Camille" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week, supported by the following cast: Mme. Prudence, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge; Nichette, Miss Annie Edmondson; Olympe, Miss Edith Blande; Nanine, Miss Isabelle Thyne; Armand Duval, W. Burroughs; De Varville, Tom Whiffen; Mons. Duval, C. W. Couldock; Gaston Rieux, Felix Morris; Gustave, A. Roberts; Arthur, Mr. McArtney; Messenger, Mr. Mavor. Her conception of the character of the queen of the demi-monde differed in many respects from that hitherto presented upon the American stage by a number of distinguished actresses. Her Camille was not the sensual and voluptuous woman given up to a life of pleasure, as depicted by the younger Dumas, but rather that of a refined and educated lady of society who was suffering in secret from the consequences of a lapse from virtue. Her embodiment of this conception was thoroughly natural, highly artistic, and invested with a poetry and delicacy of sentiment. Her acting of this role overshadowed the abilities she had displayed as Adrienne, and seemed to justify the lavish encomiums with which the critics of the Pacific slope had eulogized her artistic talents. During the early portions of the play she assumed an air of coquetry with delicious effect. In the interview with De Varville, when he proposes to pay her debts, her affectation of extreme indifference and forgetfulness as to the names and number of her creditors was a charming bit of comedy acting, which caught the popular taste. In the scene with the father of Armand Duval, when he asks that she shall deceive and give up his son, she was deeply pathetic and rose to grandeur, much of her stage business being new and thoroughly appropriate. Immediately following this came her parting with Armand, which was a gem of histrionic art. Her grief visibly affected her auditors, and after her exit she was twice recalled ere the action of the play was allowed to proceed. Some admirer of her genius took advantage of one of her reappearances to present her with a magnificent and elaborate floral tribute, during the delivery of which Armand, after bitter reproaches of Armand, she was grand, and in her death-scene, in the last act, she departed from the conventional stage business, and played with such consummate art as to completely enchain the sympathies of the audience. She was recalled at the end of every act. The support was not worthy of the lady's abilities. W. Burroughs, in appearance, did not realize the ideal lover, but his acting was praiseworthy, and in the fourth act he elicited considerable applause. Tom Whiffen should not have been cast for De Varville; yet, considering the part was so far out of his line, he did fairly well with it. C. W. Couldock, who never acts any part badly, was not well fitted as Mons. Duval. Felix Morris as the light-hearted Gaston acted creditably, A. Roberts was easy and natural as Gustave, and Mr. McArtney as Arthur and Mr. Mavor as a messenger were satisfactory. Mrs. Louisa Eldridge gave a capital portraiture of the ever-hungry Mme. Prudence. It was the best-acted character, except Camille, in the entire cast. Miss Annie Edmondson made a very attractive Nichette. Miss Edith Blande was satisfactory as Olympe, and Miss Isabelle Thyne did what was required of her as Nanine naturally and with graceful ease

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Feb. 11, 18,

TAGE.—Henry H. Stall, business-manager of the Hudenpohl Comedy Co., was to have been married in Cincinnati, Jan. 16, to Miss Elizabeth Hoemmelmeier.....The wife of Horace H. Phillips has applied for a divorce in Chicago, Ill., on the ground of ill treatment. The custody of their child has already been awarded the lady.....Lois Jordon has returned to this city, and this week begins an an uptown theatre.....Miss Beatrice Strafford, formerly of this city, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, is playing at the St. James Theatre, London.....Harrigan & Hart will travel with "Christmas Joys and Sorrows" as a part of their dramatic repertory next Summer.....Rice's "Evangeline" warbled in Mozart Hall, Richmond, Va., Jan. 18, 19.....Performances were given in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 17, for the benefit of the Temporary Home for Women and the Old South Fund. On both evenings "Yor the Acrobat" and "A Fire in a Convent" were given. Mrs. Sebast an Schlesinger, Mr. Arthur Dexter and Mr. Cushing, all amateurs, were the principal participants.....Hamlet" is to be given at the Germania Theatre, Boston, Feb. 8, Martin E. Casey appearing as the Dane and Miss Bella Flanders as Ophelia.....

W. H. FLUKE, formerly a member of Plunkett's Combination, died of consumption after a long and painful illness in Rochester, Minn., Jan. 6, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. His funeral was attended by the members of George K. Fortesque's Combination and a large number of citizens.

JOSEPH BROWN, an actor, for several years connected with De Bar's Grand Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., died of consumption in that city Dec. 20 last. His remains were buried in Collinsville, Ill. He left a young widow to mourn her loss. Information of his death has just been sent to us.

"NIAFORLICA, OR IN THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA," is announced as one of the latest novelties in preparation for production. It is mentioned as a piece in which extravaganza, music, spectacular effects and many other attractive features are combined. See the New York Dramatic Agency's card.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S play of "The Danites" is the sole property of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, who state, in a card elsewhere, that they will certainly prosecute it against piracy, and prevent it from being produced without their consent.

ALF. BURNETT and his assistants can furnish a full evening's entertainment, and he calls the attention of hall lessees and associations to his programmes of wit and humor, in which Miss Nash and himself are successfully appearing at the Cooper Institute, this city. See card.

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BAND AND GUITAR MUSIC can be purchased of Edmund Clark. See card.

"PRIDE OF THE BALLROOM," grand march, and "Eva Waltzes" have just been published by G. H. Rowe, who advertises arrangements for orchestra, violin and piano, etc.

BOOAN & BROTHERS are making the tour of the Southern Atlantic States, and are reported to be meeting with fair success, although the stringency of the times is felt in a diminution of their receipts from that of former seasons in that circuit. They performed in Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 16, Gainesville 17, Greenville, S. C., 18, Anderson 19, and are to be in Spartanburg, S. C., 21, Charlotte, N. C., 22, Statesville 23, Salisbury 24, Chester, S. C., 25, Winnsboro 26, Columbia 28, thence to Wilmington and Raleigh, N. C., and into Virginia.

LE GRAND'S CONCERT COMPANY is billed in Virginia, Ill., Jan. 24, Jacksonville 25, 26, Mt. Sterling 28, Pittsfield 29, Barry 30, Hannibal, Mo., 31, Feb. 1. J. Milton Hyde is the agent.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, Mlle. Marie Roze appeared as Leonora in "Il Trovatore" Jan. 14, then concluding the season of English and Italian opera.....Concerts were given by the Breban Family of Swiss Bellringers at Concert Hall during the week ending Jan. 19.....Wm. J. Boeckel gave a concert at St. George's Hall, January 17.....Mark Hassler's sixth orchestral matinee at St. George's Hall was given Jan. 19, the soloists being Miss Adah Sampson, contralto, J. S. Cox and Chas. F. Read.....The Occidian, assisted by Theo. Thomas' orchestra, will produce "St. Paul" on Jan. 28 at the Academy of Music.....The Hutchinsons, "Tribe of Asa," commence a series of church concerts on Jan. 21.....The Willow Glee will give a concert at the Academy of Music Jan. 28, and other concerts at the same establishment are given on Feb. 11, 25 and 26, by a combination of eighty-five instrumentalists, and Jan. 31 by Miss Emma Thursby.

HENRY DISTIN, who recently arrived here from England, is about to start a manufactory for the celebrated musical instruments (saxhorns) bearing his name. In company with his father and some of his brothers, he made his American debut in this city Jan. 1, 1849, after which they made a concert tour of a portion of this country. In 1867 Mr. Distin sold his business in England to Boosey & Co., for a large sum of money, which loss of which he subsequently lost by endorsing for friends. Mr. Distin avows his intention of becoming an American citizen and permanently residing here.

JOHN F. SPAULDING, composer and violinist, died in Stockton, Cal., Dec. 16 last. He was born in Chelmsford, Mass., and at an early age evinced the possession of considerable musical ability. His parents, finding that he neglected everything except his violin, placed him under the tutelage of Prof. Eckhardt, and his progress was rapid. He secured an engagement to play second violin in the orchestra of the theatre in Providence, R. I., and, being a quick reader, he speedily rose to the position of leader and musical-director of that theatre. Subsequently he went to Boston, Mass., where he led the orchestra in the Howard Athenæum. At the breaking-out of the Rebellion he organized a brass band, and enlisted in the Union Army as bandmaster of the First Mass. Infantry. Being compelled by ill-health to resign his position, he accepted an engagement as soloviolinist with the original Peak Family Bellringers, with whom he continued nearly five years, and then came to this city. In conjunction with his brother William P. (who was performing at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week) he organized the Spaulding Brothers' Swiss Bellringers, a company that is still highly popular throughout New England, under the management of W. F. Spaulding. A few years ago John Spaulding went to the Pacific Coast, where he opened a music-store in one of the interior towns. He was an accomplished musician and a genial gentleman.

THE OPERA TROUPE lately known as Freyer's are to perform "Trovatore" Jan. 21, and "Tannhauser" 23, at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O.

SEE HARDING'S card for a list of recently popular songs.

PETER ALLERUP, leader of orchestra, solo alto in brass, advertises for an engagement.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE are to perform in Pittsburg, Pa., on Jan. 24, 25, 26.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—The second concert of the Philharmonic Society of Staten Island took place at Association Hall, West New Brighton, on the night of Jan. 18.....Gilmore's Band will vibrate in Jackson, Mich., 21, Grand Rapids 22, Kalamazoo 23, Fort Wayne, Ind., 24, Chicago, Ill., 25, 26, Milwaukee, Wis., 27, 28, Racine 29, Madison 30, Lacrosse 31, and St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 1, 2.....Coleman's Jubilee Singers are to be in Sing Sing, N. Y., Jan. 22, 23, Peekskill 24, 25, Cold Spring 26, Newburg 28, 29, Matteawan 30, 31, Fishkill Feb. 1, Wappinger's Falls 2, and Poughkeepsie 4, 5.....The Mendelssohn Quintett Club of Boston are to be heard in Trenton, N. J., Jan. 24, Pottsville, Pa., 25, Mauch Chunk 26.....Owing to sickness, as announced, Julia Rive-King had to change two of her Chicago dates. One concert took place 14, and the other is billed for 21.....The Kellogg-Cary-Rose Troupe appeared at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., all last week, to large houses. The receipts at Miss Kellogg's benefit 18 were reported as over $2,500.....The Pappenheim Opera Troupe are billed in Detroit, Mich., for Jan. 24, 25. Their boniface is the Opera-house, St. Louis, during their second and last week, ending Jan. 19, was large.....The Emma Abbott Concert Company honored Reno, Nev., Jan. 14, by visiting the place. Seats were put at $1.50 for those who wished to see Aimee and her party at the Olympic, St. Louis, week of Jan. 14 to 19.....Rose, D. C., all last week, to large houses. The receipts at Miss Kellogg's benefit 18 were reported as over $2,500.....The Pappenheim Opera Troupe are billed in Detroit, Mich., for Jan. 24, 25. Their boniface is the Opera-house, St. Louis, during their second and last week, ending Jan. 19, was large.....The Emma Abbott Concert Company honored Reno, Nev., Jan. 14, by visiting the place. Seats were put at $1.50 for those who wished to see Aimee and her party at the Olympic, St. Louis, week of Jan. 14 to 19.....Rose Eytinge, the fifth symphony concert was given in Music Hall, Boston, Jan. 19. Sixth and last, Feb. 13.....The Arion des Westens will render "The Fair Melusine" at Library Hall, St. Louis, Jan. 24.....The Apollo Club of Boston gave its second concert Jan. 15 in Music Hall, Boston.....The Camilla Urso Troupe appear at Library Hall, St. Louis, Jan. 29.....The pupils of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music, St. Louis, gave a successful soiree on Jan. 17.....Ernst Perabo's Beethoven Club, of Boston, Jan. 25.....De Vivo's human warblers had possession of the Boston Theatre Jan. 20—sacred work.....Brown's Brigade Band gave their Thirteenth concert in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Jan. 20.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 14, the Harrison "Two Orphans" Combination opened to large business. Laura Alberta as Louise, Alice A. Harrison as Henriette, and Geo. W. Harrison as Pierre, gave painstaking renditions of their several characters, and the support by Reeder, Ashford and Miss Mary Mc-More, who had been cast for La Frochard, did not appear, owing to the death of her husband, Prof. More, and her place was acceptably filled by Mrs. Coleman Pope, who has been for a number of years living in retirement in this city. Jan. 15 Bedell (Mrs. Geo. W.) Stephens and Dog.....Miss Lillie Hall in her specialties, sang, and Worden and Mack in their capital acrobatic songs-and-dances. The Jackits-Chy's Japanese Troupe, Vendenhoff and Adonis, Scanlon and Cronin, Worden and Mack, and Frank and Eva Bennett closed Jan. 19. Mlle. Franzini, Harry Montague, Carrie and Sophie Duncan, Favor and Shields, and Col. J. Franklin Warner's Platoon-dancers open Jan. 21.

DANCING MASTERS and others will find elsewhere, have a number of dramatic and variety people registered at their agency, who can be engaged at low salaries. They also have an elephant for sale, and are prepared to collect debts in any part of the United States.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 14, was W. H. Langdon and his drama of "Wrestling Joe." Healy and Conway and Lillie Leoni close 19, going to Detroit; Necks-leta goes to Kalamazoo; W. H. Langdon to Chicago. Maggie Gray, Minnie Rainforth, Ellen Barry and Mamie Clifford and Manchester and Jennings are announced to open 22. Business good.

AT FOSTER'S COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., business was large last week. The arrivals 14 were Le Clair Sisters, Nellie Thorne, Leopold and Gaston, Lillie Hall, Fostello, Jr., and Miss Linfield. Billed for 21 are Delehanty and Hengler, Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, Eugenie Lavelle, Jessie Adams, Fletcher and Neil, Shellman Sisters. Departures 19: Edwin and Josie Brown, Cincinnati. Jim Cliff is under management of Mr. Gaston. Nellie Thorne, Grand Rapids; Mlle. Vellefez, to Havana, Cuba; Billy Wilson, Cal Davis, Ypsilanti; and Leon Whettony.....Biz" at the Academy of Music has also been good. On the 14th came Lillie Dayton, May Wilson, Larroy, Fields and Hoey, Jessie Adams and Fletcher and Dore were billed, but did not appear. Closing 19 are Fields and Hoey, to New York. No announcements for 21. The theatre was sold 16 for nearly $23,000 by the mortgagee. The purchaser intends tearing it down and building a first-class house.

THE BROOKLYN VOLKS' GARDEN was thrown open 14, having undergone extensive alterations. The old ceiling has been cut away, a gallery erected, the stage rebuilt and enlarged, and the entire interior so transformed as to be hardly recognizable. The variety troupe, headed by Billy Prim, forcibly enacted in its leading role by Dominick Murray. "Escaped from Sing Sing" was produced Jan. 18 and 19, Dominick Murray then concluding his engagement, Gliday and Turner and Miss Fannie Beane also closing on the last-mentioned date. Mlle. Dumaresq and St. John and Amy Tudor, Master Dunn, R. C. White and J. Clinton Hall in the drama "Streets of New York" are announced for Jan. 21.

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A CLARIONET-PLAYER, who can double in brass, desires a position. See M. Olsen's card.

C. W. WRIGHT, who advertises, wants to engage a pianist for a free-and-easy.

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"PRIDE OF THE BALLROOM," grand march, and "Eva Waltzes" have just been published by G. H. Rowe, who advertises arrangements for orchestra, violin and piano, etc.

BOOAN & BROTHERS are making the tour of the Southern Atlantic States, and are reported to be meeting with fair success, although the stringency of the times is felt in a diminution of their receipts from that of former seasons in that circuit. They performed in Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 16, Gainesville 17, Greenville, S. C., 18, Anderson 19, and are to be in Spartanburg, S. C., 21, Charlotte, N. C., 22, Statesville 23, Salisbury 24, Chester, S. C., 25, Winnsboro 26, Columbia 28, thence to Wilmington and Raleigh, N. C., and into Virginia.

LE GRAND'S CONCERT COMPANY is billed in Virginia, Ill., Jan. 24, Jacksonville 25, 26, Mt. Sterling 28, Pittsfield 29, Barry 30, Hannibal, Mo., 31, Feb. 1. J. Milton Hyde is the agent.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, Mlle. Marie Roze appeared as Leonora in "Il Trovatore" Jan. 14, then concluding the season of English and Italian opera.....Concerts were given by the Breban Family of Swiss Bellringers at Concert Hall during the week ending Jan. 19.....Wm. J. Boeckel gave a concert at St. George's Hall, January 17.....Mark Hassler's sixth orchestral matinee at St. George's Hall was given Jan. 19, the soloists being Miss Adah Sampson, contralto, J. S. Cox and Chas. F. Read.....The Occidian, assisted by Theo. Thomas' orchestra, will produce "St. Paul" on Jan. 28 at the Academy of Music.....The Hutchinsons, "Tribe of Asa," commence a series of church concerts on Jan. 21.....The Willow Glee will give a concert at the Academy of Music Jan. 28, and other concerts at the same establishment are given on Feb. 11, 25 and 26, by a combination of eighty-five instrumentalists, and Jan. 31 by Miss Emma Thursby.

HENRY DISTIN, who recently arrived here from England, is about to start a manufactory for the celebrated musical instruments (saxhorns) bearing his name. In company with his father and some of his brothers, he made his American debut in this city Jan. 1, 1849, after which they made a concert tour of a portion of this country. In 1867 Mr. Distin sold his business in England to Boosey & Co., for a large sum of money, which loss of which he subsequently lost by endorsing for friends. Mr. Distin avows his intention of becoming an American citizen and permanently residing here.

JOHN F. SPAULDING, composer and violinist, died in Stockton, Cal., Dec. 16 last. He was born in Chelmsford, Mass., and at an early age evinced the possession of considerable musical ability. His parents, finding that he neglected everything except his violin, placed him under the tutelage of Prof. Eckhardt, and his progress was rapid. He secured an engagement to play second violin in the orchestra of the theatre in Providence, R. I., and, being a quick reader, he speedily rose to the position of leader and musical-director of that theatre. Subsequently he went to Boston, Mass., where he led the orchestra in the Howard Athenæum. At the breaking-out of the Rebellion he organized a brass band, and enlisted in the Union Army as bandmaster of the First Mass. Infantry. Being compelled by ill-health to resign his position, he accepted an engagement as soloviolinist with the original Peak Family Bellringers, with whom he continued nearly five years, and then came to this city. In conjunction with his brother William P. (who was performing at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week) he organized the Spaulding Brothers' Swiss Bellringers, a company that is still highly popular throughout New England, under the management of W. F. Spaulding. A few years ago John Spaulding went to the Pacific Coast, where he opened a music-store in one of the interior towns. He was an accomplished musician and a genial gentleman.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., "The Rich and Poor of New York" opened the bill the past week. The principal characters were sustained by the Misses Quaife, De Forrest, Nellie Larkelle, Addie Farwell, Mina Crothins, and Messrs. Gustavus Levick, J. W. Lanergan, H. Fuller, A. J. Leavitt, T. H. Burns, —— Richards, R. D. Jones, S. E. Springer, McAndrews, Barney McNulty and Master Coy. The variety part of the programme was given by Gus Williams, J. W. McAndrews, Charles B. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, and the St. Felix Sisters. Business large. Charles Fechter was announced to appear for the week of 21, but owing to his non-appearance we are to have the burlesque of "Robin Hood" for the first half of the week, with Pauline Markham, M. W. Leffingwell, Nellie Larkelle, James S. Maffit, Rose Temple, and James Jones in the principal parts, "Moll Pitcher" being given for the remaining performances, Carrie and Charles Austin, Gus Williams, and the St. Felix Sisters appearing in the olio.....At the Boylston Museum, Sadie Martinot's troupe of Red-stocking Female Minstrels gave the opening part of the programme to the delight of large audiences. The novelty appearances were Will H. Stowe, mystic change, and later introducing trained dogs; Charles E. Yale and Jessie Deuar in a negro act; Ella Mayo, vocalist; a ballet by Eveline-Constantine, Rose Mell, Emily Herbert, Pauline Richards, Nellie and Lizzie Carleton the change-artists, and Frank Mara and Frank H. Wallace's play of "Women, or Sights in the City," terminated the bill. A special bill was given on Saturday afternoon and evening of 19, Yale and Decker appearing in the pantomime of "Bobby Bowlegs," in addition to the regular programme. For 21 the new faces are the Ilerd Sisters, William Hayle and Ella Ryan. Advices of Jan. 20.....

AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., business has been good. The new features 14 comprised Harry Woodson, in negro impersonations; T. F. Grant, one-legged clog; Neil Ward, Irish songs and sayings; and Polly Booth, A. Oliver, Mr. Donnelly and Gussie Banker, additions to the stock company. "Jack Sheppard" was the dramatic feature of the week, Miss Fanny Herring playing the leading role. Closings 19: John and Amy Tudor and Mons. Ventini, to Baltimore; Neil Ward and T. F. Grant, idle; Harry Woodson, to New York; and Irene Carlton and Sadie St. Clair, to Cheyenne, W. T. Billed for 21: James Roome, the Spriggit Children, and Willis Pickert.....At the Metropolitan business has held good. The newcomers 14 were Fannie Deavenport, Alice Bateman, and Billy Noonan. Departures 19: Alice Bateman, Billy Noonan, Jennie Engle and Fannie Davenport, to New York; Emma Jutau and George Brown closed 18, sailing for Cuba 19. Coming 21: W. A. Huntley, Frank Campbell, Freire-Ronzatti Combination, Eloise Allen, and Gussie Williams. Annie Rochfort, Jennie Reed, W. S. Reed, and Harry Fox benefited 19 at the Alpha. Business is full houses.

THE SHEERANS—Lydia and James—in their songs, dances and clever witticisms, were the new faces at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 14. Lena Eagan, billed to appear on that date, was too ill to perform. H. W. Eagan and D. Scandell evoked laughter in their Ethiopian eccentricities. Business good. Closed 19: The Platoon Dancers, to Philadelphia; Andy and Ida Collom and William Major, to New York; and Lizzie Maivey, to Pittsburg. To open 21: Mons. Blanchard's Ballet, Jennie Eagan, Mamie Brassings, Charley Howard, Nellie Vincent, Bob Hall, James O'Neil, James Neary, Bryant and West, Eugene Blitz, Mollie De Mar, Allen Sisters, Tillie Graham, Lou Lawrence and Louise De Luis!.....The new attractions at the Odeon Jan. 14 were Kitty Sinclair, Belle Forrester and Belle Vincent, in a farcesserio-comic. Business good. Departures 19: Belle Clifton, to Pittsburg; Lew and Pauline Parker, to Cleveland; and Frank Bell, to Wheeling. Announced for 21: Mons. Ventini and Trixy Vernon, Sam Lang, Dolly Sharp and Ada Clifford.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., the new arrivals Jan. 14 were Sid. C. Franco in "Married for Life;" Edith Lyle, serio-comic; Hubert and Gildden in musical sketches, and Tito Cellini's ballet. Business good. This establishment changed hands, and was closed last evening to enable the new management to make necessary changes and repairs, and to secure a new company. It will be reopened 28, with Jake Budd as business-manager. Hubert and Gildden and Edith Lysle go to Harlem, N. Y.; Sid. C. Franco, with his wife, will remain in the city; Lottie Brown, Brooklyn; Murphy and Mack, New York; E. F. Barnes and wife and R. G. Allen, to Baltimore. Tito Cellini and ballet closed 15.

THERE ARRIVED at the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y., Jan. 14, Fanny Douglass, Haywood and Ford, Frank Lewis and Joe Mack. Business was fair during the week. Departures 19: M

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
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AMERICA'S MIMICS. CHARLES S. ROGERS AND MATTIE VICKERS, HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON. Mr. Rogers and Miss Vickers appeared in a sketch called "Stage-struck," and afforded infinite amusement by their unusually clever imitations of prominent actors and actresses. They are cards worth seeing.—BOSTON POST. Howard Athenæum, Boston, until Jan. 19; Eagle Theatre, New York, Jan. 21, one week. Engaged with Tony Pastor's Traveling Company the coming season. 44-1t

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"We are Monarchs of all we survey." Our rights there is none to dispute. A Tour Around the World, but not in 80 Days,

BY THE FAMOUS AND ONLY ORIGINAL GEORGIA MINSTRELS.

FIRST ORGANIZED IN MACON, GA., 1865

20 STELLAR ARTISTS 20

CHAS. B. HICKS, Valacist and Mentor, under whose supervision the Georgia Minstrels were first organized.

BILLY WILSON, Monarch of Negro Comedians, Champion Tambourinist and Hero of Song-and-dance.

CHARLES A. CRUSOE, the matchless Stump Orator, End-man and Eccentric Comedian.

HOSEA EASTON, Comedian, Excelsior Banjoist, Character Artist and the great "Old Uncle Jeff."

TAYLOR BROWN, the Typical Plantation Negro, End-man and Comedian.

JIMMY MILLS, End-man, Comedian, Aunt Susie and Essence of Ole Virginny "for suah."

BILLY SANDERS, the most Versatile Negro Performer in the profession and impersonator of Aunt Chloe.

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THE GEORGIAN ORCHESTRA, JOSEY THOMAS, THOS. ELLIS, ANDREW JACKSON, FRANK HEWETT, J. W. MORTON, THOS. EASTON.

All of whom, having visited every city, town and village in the United States and Canada for the past twelve years, spending one entire year in California, where every theatre and hall was inadequate to contain the crowds who nightly assembled,

ARE NOW ON THEIR GRAND TOUR AROUND THE ENTIRE WORLD,

Via Java, China, Japan, through the Suez Canal to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to our Dear Old Home. The ONLY Minstrel Company in its entirety who ever

ATTEMPTED THIS TRIP.

For general information, we append a brief history: They embarked at San Francisco, per S. S. Australia, last March, and arrived in due course of time in Auckland, N. Z., commencing in that city their protracted tour of the Colonies. Their progress through New Zealand was One Continual Ovation. The largest theatres in Auckland, the Thames, Napier, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunnedin, were insufficient to accommodate the multitudes who came from near and far to witness the gigantic negro entertainment given by this Famous and Meritorious Organization. Sailing per S.S. "Albion" from New Zealand to Hobart Town, Tasmania, the same experience awaited them. Landing in Melbourne, the Metropolis of Australia, on the 13th of August, they were the lions of the day. For eight weeks the ominous placard

"STANDING-ROOM ONLY"

was displayed nightly. They came in their entirety (as before remarked), and are the only troupe of similar character who ever had, or ever will have, the

NERVE AND CAPITAL

to attempt this extraordinary trip.

4 END-MEN 4
8 COMEDIANS 8
A SUPERB ORCHESTRA,
A Champion Brass Band.

N. B.—This for someone's private ear: The Heroes of MONTREAL, SARATOGA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, and now AUSTRALIA, STILL LIVE! Pirates, beware! We are still on the Warpath! And will be for Years to Come. Look out for us when we burst like a ray of sunlight upon you.

The above stupendous organization is officered as follows:

CHAS. B. HICKS, Manager.
CHAS. A. CRUSOE, Treasurer.
HOSEA EASTON, Stage-manager.
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